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CURRENT COMMENT.

"GOVERNMENT," remarked the New York *World* recently, in the course of a reproof directed at this paper for its scepticism concerning the League of Nations, "will continue on this earth whether there is capitalism, communism or the single tax." This may be true or it may not. There is no way of telling, so far as we know, unless one have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; for this earth has still, presumably, a good many thousand years of life before it, in the course of which even stranger things may happen than the disappearance of government. Whether or not government shall continue to exist, however, seems to this paper a relatively unimportant matter. It is the kind of government that shall continue to exist that really interests us; and we are hopeful enough to believe that the time will come when political government—government which exists to promote the exploitation of the many by the few—will altogether perish from the earth.

DURING the known period of history, political government has passed through about all of its conceivable forms; and it is clear that the more it has changed the more it has been the same thing. The reason is simple: any political Government is, by its very nature, merely an instrument in the hands of a privileged class, by which that class enforces the expropriation and exploitation of the masses, for its own benefit. For many hundreds of years during the present era, ownership was vested in an aristocracy. During the last hundred years or so, it has largely shifted to the bourgeoisie; and the effect of this shift upon the underlying population was well expressed by Ruskin when he said (we quote from memory), "Bags are on the crags, but it is all the same to Rags, in the valley below." It is just this that people are beginning dimly to perceive. They are, we think, coming through bitter experience to see that, so long as they are to be mulcted, persecuted, and sent to war, in the interest of a small privileged class, it is really immaterial whether they suffer these things through the agency of an autocrat, a constitutional monarch, or a group of liberal politicians. The days of autocrats and kingly figureheads are about over; and from the prevailing disrespect in which they are held, we are inclined to deduce that the days of politicians of any persuasion are numbered.

THE fact is, as this paper has remarked before, that the political game is about played out. Rome perished because its industry could no longer meet the exactions of monopoly and still continue to pay interest and wages. The present civilization will perish of the same cause unless it is able to effect, without a complete break-down, the transition from a system of monopoly to one of free opportunity. If it is able to effect this transition; if it is able, through whatever means, to abolish private monopoly of natural opportunities; then the political State will disappear with those inequalities which it exists to perpetuate, and such government as is left will be administrative—that is, it will exist solely for the purpose of supervising those activities which can most conveniently be carried on by the community. As we remarked above, we are optimistic enough to believe that such a transition can be effected; that administrative government will supersede political government; that the idea of Society will supersede that of the State. Since this is our hope and belief, we are not unduly depressed over our neighbour's warning that government is bound to continue on this earth.

By an easy transition from this, we come to the question of the latest Constitutional amendment to be proposed—at least it is the latest we have seen. It is offered by the Women's Peace Union, and proposes to amend Section VIII, Article 1 of that much-amended document, the Constitution, by removing all those sections or clauses which give the Congress power to declare war, to raise and support armies, to provide and maintain a navy, and to provide for the arming and training of a militia. In short, it proposes that the Congress shall be shorn of all its war-making powers. The inference to be drawn from this proposal is, we suppose, that since there would no longer exist any Constitutional provisions covering military preparations and the waging of wars, our Government would necessarily cease all war-like pursuits. We think the sisters of the Peace Union have overlooked one important point: that is, that the executive arm of the Government has already arrogated to itself the power to make war, without so much as a by-your-leave to the Congress; and that it would no doubt be only too ingenious in finding ways and means to get appropriations, under one disguise or another, for the support of its military ventures, in case the Congress were likely, in an absent-minded moment, to pass this amendment.

THE principal fault to be found with such proposals as this is that they are wholly illogical and irrelevant. To ask a political Government to relinquish its power to make war upon its enemies, foreign and domestic, is like asking it to commit suicide; for, as we have often remarked, political government depends upon force for its existence. Why is it, we wonder, that pacifist organizations inevitably take hold of the problem of war by the wrong end? The Women's Peace Union says that the adoption of this amendment will make clear among other things that as a nation "we will no longer tolerate the policy of economic imperialism which makes armies and navies a necessity." We are glad to see that the members of the Peace Union are against economic imperialism;

but we think they will wait a long time for its abolition if this amendment must be depended upon to accomplish that end. The same purpose might be served, we think, and in a good deal less time, if they undertook to do away with the causes, rather than the means, of war. When there are no longer privileged groups to be protected in their enterprises, either at home or abroad, armies and navies will disappear of themselves, because they will no longer be needed. We have said all this several times before; but it is an argument which can bear frequent repetition, and therefore we offer it to our readers again without apology.

"PRODUCTION of steel continues at the best sustained rate in the history of the industry" says a recent dispatch from Pittsburgh to the *New York Times*. Judge Gary, in his annual report to the stockholders of the United States Steel Corporation, revealed a prosperous year, with an increase of \$100 million in gross earnings; and he stated that the company had laid away some half billion dollars in surplus to date, while its properties had increased in value by a billion dollars in the past twenty years. In the same report Judge Gary spoke dolefully of a labour-shortage and referred to the law restricting immigration as an economic calamity. It would appear, however, that the Steel Corporation is able to squeeze along under the present law without undue hardship. In view of the company's huge surplus, it is to be hoped that Chairman Gary and his associates will be moved to decide that with such a degree of financial stability attained, it is safe to put an end to the barbarous twelve-hour-shift system in the blast furnaces.

ACCORDING to reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission, inspection of locomotives on seven great railway-systems of the East at the end of February indicated that from seventy to eighty-six per cent were defective. This condition appears on roads that have never settled with their striking shop-workers, and have shown no desire to effect a settlement. The cost to shippers and travellers in the wasteful delays resulting from this situation is probably beyond computation. A friend of ours recently came from Boston on a train that arrived in New York about two and a half hours behind its five-hour schedule. Something was wrong with the illumination, for after dark the passengers were reduced to the dim, religious light of a few candles. In the smoker the talk naturally turned on the deterioration of the railway-service. One of the passengers proved to be a Russian, an engineer, unfriendly to the new regime. "I suppose the railways are in rotten shape in your country," remarked an American. "In very bad shape indeed," replied the Russian, "but I must confess that they are not as bad as in your country."

It is reported that without molestation from the secret police, there was held recently in the national capital a convention of 2000 hereditary revolutionists whose ancestors violently overthrew the established Government; ruthlessly expropriated old-regime landlords, chasing some of them over the border; and subjected members of the clergy to great indignities, even depriving many of them of the full rights of citizenship. The indifferent attitude of Mr. Daugherty's Third Section towards this gathering may have been due to a sense of chivalry, for the convocation was composed of ladies. Moreover, high political dignitaries graced the assemblage with their presence, and addresses were made by the British and French Ambassadors, by Mr. Hughes, who spoke somewhat disrespectfully of revolutionists in general, and even by Mr. Harding. The Daughters of the American Revolution did not have the President on their programme, but he appeared unex-

pectedly, and his oratorical effort was in his best vein. In the course of his speech he referred to the ladies as a source of enlightenment, and asserted that "the Daughters of the Revolution have preserved for us all a lesson in the desirability of forbearance, patience and toleration."

SPEAKING of enlightenment and toleration, we note that in her opening address, the President General of the organization sounded a warning of danger to our institutions, particularly in the growth of pacifist sentiment and of liberal and even of radical idealism; though we gathered that this danger could be mitigated by keeping "a tight grip upon the past." Birth control, we learned, was another grave menace to our institutions, for it aims "straight at the hearthstone of the American home." Moreover, there are 8000 teachers in American schools who do not come up to the standard of loyalty to the country set by the revolutionary daughters; and these must be weeded out. A token of the disintegration of our patriotic ideals, according to the address, is the disturbing manner in which "justice yields to the desecrating hand of lawlessness." As an example, the President General cited the failure to convict Mr. W. Z. Foster, "an acknowledged Red caught plotting against the Government in Michigan." At this point in the address, it appeared to us, enlightenment and toleration were temporarily laid aside. Mr. Foster was not accused of plotting against the Government, but of "assembling with" persons alleged to have advocated syndicalism; and there was no evidence produced at his trial to indicate that he had ever plotted against this or any other Government.

A FEW days ago, a branch of the Marine Engineers' Beneficial Association offered the United States Shipping Board one hundred thousand dollars apiece for three of the many freighters that are now accumulating barnacles in one of the Board's marine graveyards. The members of the Association hoped to operate these ships as a co-operative enterprise, but apparently the Shipping Board is not inclined to favour this method of keeping the Stars and Stripes afloat on the high seas. At any rate, the offer of the union has been rejected, on the ground that the price named is far less than the ships are worth. To be sure, the Board was generous enough with the public moneys when the granting of the general ship-subsidy, and the reconditioning and endowment of the "Leviathan" were in question; but this business of equipping a labour-union with ships and turning the organization loose to pirate upon the commerce of the world is something else again.

HISTORIANS sometimes find it a difficult matter to get at the truth in regard to the past, but for the superintendent of schools in the State of Wisconsin it is no job at all. Under the terms of a statute recently enacted at Madison, every textbook which "defames our nation's founders" or "falsifies the facts regarding the war of independence, or the war of 1812," is to be excluded from the schools. Upon the complaint of any five citizens against a given book, the superintendent of schools must arrange, within thirty days, a public hearing, and within ten days thereafter he must decide whether or not the book in question tells the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but it. His decision is final; and the method of procedure is, on the whole, much more efficient than the laborious researches of scholars, doctoral candidates, and other unofficial groundlings.

It always gives us deep pleasure to hear of taxpayers anywhere getting a little relief from the burdens of government. Therefore it is with joy that we read the

announcement of Mr. Stanley Baldwin, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the British Treasury has such a robust surplus that corporation-taxes will be cut in half, income-taxes will be reduced by ten per cent, the taxes on beer and other beverages will be cut substantially or abolished altogether, and the postal-rates will be pared down. It is only a few weeks ago that Mr. Baldwin, Premier Bonar Law, and other members of the British Cabinet were mopping their streaming eyes and protesting that if the cruel Americans compelled the British Government to pay three per cent interest on the British debt to the American people, Britain would be compelled to increase its taxes to a degree that would reduce the British population to virtual serfdom during the next half century. Apparently these tearful prophecies of doom were slightly exaggerated. The players of the Moscow Art Theatre have lately given us some impressive performances in make-believe; but their art pales before that of the tragi-comedians of the British Cabinet.

WHILE the British taxpayers rejoice over the generous decreases in governmental impositions, we note that citizens of India are faced with a higher rate of exaction from the white overlords. In the interest of balancing the Indian budget, the British Administration requested the Assembly to double the tax on salt. In a country where the mass of the inhabitants are reduced to an almost inconceivably low standard of wages and living, such an increase would result in widespread hardship. The Assembly refused to raise the tax. The British Viceroy forced a reconsideration, but again the measure failed to pass, even in that ordinarily subservient legislative body. Thereupon the Viceroy announced that under the special powers conferred on him to deal with emergencies, he would impose the tax on his own authority. This procedure will carry the American memory back a century and a half, to the time when a British Government insisted on imposing upon reluctant colonial subjects a certain tax on tea. Apparently it is still the imperial practice to wring from outposts of the far-flung Empire a bit more than the traffic will bear.

SENTIMENTAL Americans who advocate a partnership with the politicians of Europe would do well to look over the studies of political conditions in the various Continental nations, which are appearing in the more thoughtful English periodicals. France, in the face of the ruinous neo-Napoleonism of M. Poincaré, seems to have succumbed to an almost complete political lassitude. In spite of the rising costs of government and the increasing prices of necessities, the small Communist group is the only political party that has put up any real fight against the invasion of the Ruhr; and the principal Communist leaders have been put in jail for safe keeping. The Socialists seem to have lost their bearings completely. The Radical party, nominally the chief opposition to the Nationalists, is a prey to divided counsels on the imperialist programme. M. Doumergue, its leader in the Senate, recently made a speech so emphatically in favour of the adventure in the Ruhr that M. Poincaré had it placarded throughout the country.

THE POLISH GOVERNMENT has adapted the technique of the Russian Tsars in flaunting red herrings to distract the attention of the underlying population. Thus throughout Poland anti-Semitism, covertly stimulated by the politicians, has reached the stage of what a writer in the *Manchester Guardian* calls mass-neurosis. The memory of the murderer of President Narutowicz, who was slain last December after the Nationalists had proclaimed that he had received the votes of the Jews and other racial

minorities, is extolled in the press and in the schools; and masses for the murderer's soul have been celebrated in hundreds of churches. The whole country seems caught up in a frenzy of intolerance. In Italy such critics of the established regime as dare to raise their heads are likely to vanish inexplicably; or the followers of the gentle Mussolini attempt to cure their distemper by subjecting them to the horrible torture of swallowing a quart of castor oil. Austria, having yielded its sovereignty to the necessities of starvation, has acquired by grace of the League of Nations a new form of government, a sort of dictatorship of the international bankers; and exchange is up though self-determination is down. Germany is working up the cumulative resentment of a patient forcibly subjected against his will to a major operation without ether. In all of these countries the lid seems to be clamped down tight; but when the gases of discontent and suppression eventually seek an outlet, it will be just as well for us if we have no stake in the neighbourhood.

DURING the past few weeks the forces of the Irish Free State have captured a number of the Republican leaders, and optimistic reports have emanated from London and Dublin predicting a speedy termination of the civil war. Meanwhile we note that the Free State budget shows a deficit of \$100 million; and, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, at the lowest estimate there are 10,000 political prisoners in the jails. "No newspaper is allowed to criticize the Government," wrote Mr. Bernard Shaw recently, "and the military authorities are empowered to take any citizen into barracks and shoot him without keeping any record of the event or being answerable for it in any effective way." Thus it appears that the Free State has a long distance to go before it can claim to have established conditions under which persons of sound mind would care to live.

On another page of this issue, our readers will find an article by Mr. Hermann Lutz on the Serbian "Black Hand" and its connexion with the events which precipitated the great war. This article is a valuable contribution to the discussion of the causes of the war; and because of the care which Mr. Lutz has taken to give his authority for each of his statements, it will have an additional value to the student of the question, in that it will open up to him sources of information which may, perhaps, have been unknown to him before. There is one important point in connexion with the murders of Sarajevo upon which we should like to amend Mr. Lutz's statement. He speaks of the murderers as Austrian Bosnians. They are called Serbian officers in the following dispatch which appeared in the *London Star* about six months after the end of the war: "The Sarajevo murderers. A message from Prague to Amsterdam (says the *Central News*) announces that the bodies of Princep, Cabrinovic and Grabez, the Sarajevo murderers, were exhumed on Tuesday with great solemnity in the presence of thousands of the inhabitants. The remains of these Serbian officers are to be sent to their native country."

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either in substance or style. They are printed because in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

BLIND GUIDES.

WITHIN the fortnight, there has developed among the publishers, the politicians, and the professional Puritans of the city and State of New York a situation to which our readers can hardly afford to close their nostrils. At this writing, the Assembly at Albany has passed and the Senate has still under consideration, a measure which is characterized, even by the *New York Times*, as "the worst censorship-bill that has ever been proposed." The issue is not exactly a local one (as readers outside the State will realize, if they will examine the imprints on their books and magazines), and the conditions revealed by the division on the bill will continue to be of interest, long after the measure itself has passed or failed. In any case, the casuistic character of the censors' morality will be a matter of record, and the line of demarcation between the two major groups of publishers in this country will be more sharply drawn than before.

If the public conscience needs a keeper, it requires at least an honest one; and the language of the bill proposed at Albany seems to indicate that the crusaders who framed the measure are not exactly qualified for this high calling. In fact, it seems to be the intention of the "Clean Books League" to deny its potential victims a fair trial, for the bill says that "opinion or expert testimony shall not be received for any purpose whatever upon any hearing, examination or trial . . ."; and it also provides that "an indictment, information, complaint or other charge may be based upon the whole or exclusively upon a part or parts of any publication, or written or printed matter; and if the prosecution be based exclusively upon a part or parts, only such part or parts shall be admissible in evidence or considered for any purpose upon any hearing, examination or trial."

Thus it is proposed to eliminate the literary critic as a witness, and literary merit as a defence; and at the same time it is intended that the book or article under consideration shall not be judged, or even examined, as a whole, but only within such limits as are fixed in advance by the prosecutor, to suit his own high purposes. The finer the quality of a piece of literary work, and the greater its artistic unity, the more prejudicial to its cause would these restrictions be; but let us pass this question by. The point that we wish to make is rather this: the "Clean Books League" has attempted to abridge the commonly accepted rules of evidence, to exclude material which is thoroughly competent, relevant and material, and to establish a special procedure which will practically guarantee a conviction, irrespective of the merits of the case, in any instance in which the League may undertake a prosecution. The method is that of a wholesale frame-up, and the attempt, whether it succeeds or not, has given us a certain amount of insight into the character of our crusading friends.

Even more significant than the self-revelation of the censors is the attitude of certain book-publishers towards the bill. The publishers in this country fall roughly into two groups; the old, established houses which cling to conventional standards of respectability in letters, and the newer firms that centre their attention upon the very vigorous new literature that is now being produced here and abroad, by such men as Dreiser and Hamsun. The new literature differs from the old in its treatment of the relations between the sexes; its attitude may be more moral, or less so, but in any case it would compel the attention of the censors,

by reason of its sheer novelty. At the same time, this newer literature is gaining in favour with the literary critics and with the public; and as a result, the newer publishers are working into the foreground, and the respectables are beginning to wonder where their trade is to come from twenty years from now.

In any issue which involves the censorship, the conventional publishers can very well afford to stand aside and let the conventional moralists have their way; and at the present moment this is, apparently, the attitude of most of the members of the National Association of Book Publishers. The Executive Committee of the Association, some time ago, passed a resolution "that the Publishers' Association deplores the growing tendency on the part of some publishers unduly to exploit books of a salacious character for purely pecuniary gain"; an expression which is vague enough to mean precisely nothing, and yet gives an impression of virtuous concern for the honour of the trade. The Association has deliberately chosen to take no official action on the proposed bill, in spite of the fact that two out of three members of its Committee on Censorship have reported in favour of opposition. There the matter stands, for the present. In the meantime, there continues in operation a private censorship, under the pressure of which one publisher is said to have submitted certain books, in advance of publication, to the Watch and Ward Society of Boston, and to have revised one of his volumes in accordance with the recommendations of the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

These several items in regard to the situation among the Puritans and the publishers may not make pleasant reading, and yet it is just as well that people who attempt to get something out of books, should know some of the conditions that determine what goes into them. It is perhaps just as well, too, that there should be a thorough airing of the character and capacities of the crusaders who are now employing such strange weapons in the service of morality.

A POLICY OF DESTRUCTION.

DURING the last session of Congress an attempt was made to rob the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico of the lands which were secured to them by treaty with the United States Government during President's Lincoln's Administration. This attempt, which was embodied in the Bursum bill, was frustrated, largely through the efforts of painters, scientists and writers who are interested in the remarkable civilization of the Pueblos, and who managed to get the theft aired so thoroughly in the public prints that Congress dared not sanction it. Another bill was drafted, it is true, which was only less objectionable than the Bursum bill; but fortunately the Congress expired before it could be passed by both Houses. Let no one think, however, that the matter ended there; indeed, if the historical rapacity of our Government in its dealings with its Indian wards be any criterion, it is safe to say that while white men covet the lands of these Indians it will require all the vigilance and energy that their friends possess—and more, perhaps—to keep them from being ultimately dispossessed.

The management of Indian affairs is vested in a bureau of the Department of the Interior; and if there is anything creditable in the record of this bureau in carrying on its work, we have been unable to hear of it. In order to give our readers some idea of its hostility to the real interests of the people whose welfare it is supposed to guard, we quote the following passage from an article on "The Art of the American Indian,"

by Mr. Walter Pach, which appeared in the *Dial* of January, 1920:

It is the Government agents who are at the centre of the present-day problem of the Indians. The men of the Pueblos are wanted as farm-hands, herdsmen, and labourers, the women as domestic servants. As long as the Indians hold to their 'heathenish' beliefs, they will stay in their villages and continue their 'useless' manner of life. And so the ideas which the Spanish *padres* allowed to exist until now, must be destroyed by the new missionaries of education and industry. Charges of immorality are trumped up against the ancient ceremonies, and no device that could lead to their suppression and the turning of the Indians into useful citizens is considered too ugly for use. . . . [The attitude of the agents] towards the people under their care may be judged by the remark made by one of them to a well-known archaeologist who, like many of his confrères, had been advising the Indians against abandoning their old practices. 'If it weren't for you damned scientists,' said this agent, 'we'd soon have the Indians down off the mesas and at work.'

It is, then, the gospel of work—or more properly the gospel of exploitation—that the Office of Indian Affairs apparently wishes to substitute for the grand pantheism of the Pueblos, which the Spanish missionaries wisely allowed them to retain even while they made them Catholics; a pantheism which is embodied in a unique and living art, and in the beautiful tribal ceremonies which draw spectators from all over the country, and have furnished inspiration for some of the best work of our American artists. When one considers the intimate connexion between exploitation and expropriation, it is small wonder that the Commissioner of Indian Affairs endorsed the Bursum bill. If the Pueblos can be dispossessed of their tribal lands, then they can be exploited easily enough. While they retain those lands they are in a position to refuse to become labourers and domestic servants in the employ of white overlords; they can work for themselves and continue the age-old tribal life which is dear to them.

But this tribal life, which would have been destroyed by the Bursum bill, is now threatened by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. Charles H. Burke, who has lately requested that the Pueblos give up certain ceremonial dances, on the ground that they interfere with work and that they are evil and foolish. The Commissioner has given the Indians one year in which to abandon these ceremonies, and has said that if they are not abandoned in that time "some other course will have to be taken." We do not know just what is implied in this threat, of course; but the implication of the "request" itself is clear: if it is complied with, it will destroy at one blow the most vital religious expression of this ancient civilization. As we remarked in our issue of 20 December, we know very little about the Pueblos; we are assured that they are a great people, and we believe that they are; certainly it seems to us that their ceremonial dances (which are described by Alida Sims Malkus in the *New York Times Magazine* Section of 8 April) must be both beautiful and impressive, and, to the initiate, full of symbolic meaning. But that has nothing to do with the case. If they were not all this—if the Pueblo Indians were not in possession of a beautiful and ancient culture from which our own civilization could learn much—it would still be a vicious impertinence for the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to undertake to interfere with their tribal life and their practice of harmless religious ceremonies. There is always something despicable about the ruthless and arbitrary exercise of power; and such an action as this of Mr. Burke would be despicable even if it were directed against a less civilized people than the Pueblos.

The Commissioner, as we have remarked, says that these ceremonial dances interfere with work, and that they are evil and foolish; and he bolsters up his case with the declaration that the superintendents and missionaries among the Indians agree with him. No doubt they do, and for the reasons set forth by Mr. Pach in the article from which we have quoted. A friend of ours, an artist who has learned much from the Pueblos, has suggested to us that the abolition of the dance-ceremonials is a step towards putting through the steal contemplated in the Bursum bill; that the ceremonies which draw scientists, artists, and writers to New Mexico are to be done away with so that the interest of these people in the Pueblos will die out. Then the Indians may be quietly expropriated, and there will be no one to bring their cause before the public. We do not know, of course, whether there is anything in this view; we would simply remind our readers that the record of our Government in Indian affairs is unfortunately such as to make *any* treachery seem possible. However, the reasons, real or ostensible, for this order of Commissioner Burke are immaterial; it is an officious and unwarrantable interference with the most cherished traditions of the people who have been committed to his care, and as such it calls for thorough examination by the one hundred and ten million people in whose name he is oppressing this ancient race. This paper is not in the habit of calling for Congressional investigations; yet it seems to us that it is about time the affairs of the Indian Bureau were thoroughly aired, and a Congressional investigation might contribute not a little to this desirable purpose. Therefore we respectfully suggest to Senator La Follette, who is a member of the Indian Affairs Committee and who has always shown himself to be a friend of these much-abused people, that he call for such an investigation as soon as Congress reconvenes.

"THE KEY OF LIBERTY."

ON 21 October, 1814, there died at Billerica, Massachusetts, one William Manning, a farmer and inn-keeper who had been "teased in his mind for many years" by what he regarded as the betrayal of the American Revolutionary cause. He was a Jeffersonian Republican with a deep distrust of governors and government; he was, in this respect, a typical member of what Mr. Veblen would call the "underlying population" of his time, and long had he pondered the question how the liberty that he had fought to win might be preserved. Scarcely had the Revolution come to an end when political reaction set in; Hamilton's policy seemed to portend militarism, an alliance with Great Britain, and monarchy; and the nation as a whole, led by the merchants and the clergy, who had been filled with horror by the French Revolution, appeared to be on the point of adopting the principles of the Federalists. William Manning, selectman of Billerica, had a mind and a memory. He could not forget, in 1797, the beliefs and the enthusiasms of 1775. He poured his misgivings in the ears of his neighbours; he reasoned, night after night, with the travellers who stopped at his inn. Finally, he took his quill in hand and with much toil wrote the "Key of Liberty."

The manuscript of this little book was found not long ago among the papers in the old farmhouse at Billerica which is still occupied by Manning's descendants. It has now been published by the Manning Association, with an introduction by Mr. S. E. Morrison, lecturer in history at Harvard. "We do not claim," says Mr. Morrison, "to have discovered a for-

gotten Locke or a homespun Montesquieu. Yet apart from its value as a curiosity—the extraordinary spelling, the diction, racy of New England soil, the shrewd home-thrusts on current politics—the work has merits. William Manning appears to have discovered for himself what many great minds have exposed as a fundamental weakness of democracy—the fact that its successful working requires an educated and informed electorate. . . . As Manning shrewdly observed, the upper classes of the community, the merchants, lawyers, ministers and physicians, all had their associations, through which they obtained favourable legislation and a friendly press.” These, as Mr. Morrison suggests, are not obsolete issues. The Federalist Reign of Terror, as the Republicans called it, “was,” he says, “the worst period of reaction in American history, previous to the World War.” In more than one respect the “Key of Liberty” is still a living document.

Manning opens his book with the following apology:

I am not a Man of Larning my selfe for I neaver had the advantage of six months schooling in my life. I am no travelor for I neaver was 50 miles from whare I was born in no direction, and I am no grate reader of antiant history for I always followed hard labour for a living. But I always thought it my duty to search into and see for my selfe in all maters that consarned me as a member of society, and when the war began between Brittan and Amarica I was in the prime of Life and highly taken up with Liberty and a free Government. I see almost the first blood that was shed in Concord fite and scores of men dead, dying and wounded in the Cause of Libberty, which caused serious sencations in my mind.

With this he launches into a “general description of the causes that ruen republicks,” chief among which he finds to be “the ungoverned dispositions and Combinations of the few, and the ignorance of the Many.” Among “Dispotick, Monorchal and Aristocraticle” Governments, the power is “in the hands of one or a few to govern as they pleas”; but in any society “a large majority of those that live without Labour are ever opposed to the prinsaples and operation of a free Government, & though the hole of them do not amount to one eigtht part of the people, yet by their combinations, arts & skeems have always made out to destroy it soner or later.” By what means do they succeed in this? Here Manning is very explicit. Revolutions, he says, are brought about by the influence of a few leading men “who after they have obtained their object (like other men) can neaver receiv compensations & honours enough from the people for their services, and the people being brought up from their uths to reverence & respect such men they go on old ways & neglect to search & see for themselves & take care of their own interists.” Then the few “unite their plans & scheems by asotiations, conventions, & coraspondances with each other”; they oppose “cheep schools & woman schools, the ondly or prinsaple means by which larning is spred amougue the many”; they take pains to contradict in the newspapers everything that favours the interest of the many, “puting Darkness for Light, & Light for Darkness, falsehood for truth, & truth for falsehood, &cc”; they construct laws that are as numerous, intricate and inexplicit as possible, thus taking for themselves “the right of giving them such explanations as suit their interests, & make places for numerous lawyers & Juditial & Executive offices, which adgrately to their strength by numbers.” And finally, they make wars. “I have no dout,” says Manning, “but that it has bin the case many a time, that thousands and millions have bin slain on both sides equilly thinking that they have been fighting in a good cause, when

the hole matters in dispute would have mad little or no dispute between honest neighbours. . . . It is from the pride and ambition of rulers & the ignorance of the peopel that wars arise, & no nation as a nation ever got anithing by making war on others, for what evr their conquests may have bin the plunder goes to few individuals, & always increases the misiryes of more than it helps.”

Having thus resumed “the causes of the failure of free government,” Manning proceeds to illustrate them by sundry remarks on the operation of these causes in American society. The clergy, for instance, instead of teaching their hearers to be watchful of men in power and to guard their own rights and privileges with a jealous eye, “preach about and pray for officers of government as infallible beings, or so perfect that we aught to submit to & praise them for all they do.” Then there are the lawyers, who “git their living intirely from the quarriels follyes disputes & destreses of the many & the intricacy of our Laws,” and who are united by the closest bonds with the judicial and executive officers. Finally, to pass over the inequalities in the educational system, the “adultrious Hambleton’s” financial policy, the abuses to which the Constitution has given rise, and many keen observations on events of the time, there is the press. “The prinsaple knowledge necessary for a free man to have,” says Manning, “is obtained by the libberty of the press or publick newspapers”; and this the few are determined to destroy. “To efect this they employ no printers, but those that will adhear strictly to their vuies & interests, & use all the arts & retrick hell can invent to blackgard the Republican printers & all they print, and strive to make the peopel believe falsehood for truth & truth for falsehood, & as they have money & lasure they have their papers every day in the week.”

As Mr. Morrison says, this last “defect in democracy” is as glaring to-day as it was in 1798. “In spite of the cheap daily and weekly press, it is difficult even for an educated person who wants the truth on men and measures to obtain it.” Nor is this the only note struck by Manning that is relevant to-day. The association of the “Many,” the farmers and labourers, which he proposed, and for which he drew up the constitution that is printed at the end of his book, resembles in its aim, as Mr. Morrison says, the British Labour party or the Non-Partisan League more than the American Federation of Labour. It was said of Manning by his friends that, were he to drown, they would seek his body up-stream, for he would surely not float down with the current like other people. The temper of the freeman, in whose name Manning wrote, was commoner in his day than it is in ours; and for this reason, if for no other, we can agree with Mr. Morrison when he says that in publishing the “Key of Liberty” the Manning Association is “helping to maintain—or to revive, if you will—the great American tradition of liberty.”

THE MOODS OF APRIL.

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after
Weep thy girlish tears!

THE moods of March are tentative and evasive; but with the passing of All Fools’ Day comes many a definite assurance that the spring is really approaching. On all sides there are indications that nature is once more ready to cover the gibbous flanks of the earth with heavy verdure. Upon each cold, bare twig dainty green leaves are opening. The month of April

has a peculiar quality of its own, different from that of March, and that of May. During these swiftly passing days, the light of the sun comes across the vast illumined spaces with an increasing persistence, and hour by hour the dædal earth grows confident that the winter is in truth over and gone. Well she knows that once more the ancient promise has been fulfilled; that the dread iron grip of the ice kobold has been relaxed and her perennial shroud of white snow evaporated and dissolved.

Even to us mortals whose destiny it is to tread the arid slabs of the sidewalks of our cities, the miracle is apparent. Obtruding upon the thousand and one foolish preoccupations that besot our minds, come constant reminders of what is taking place. For as we hurry forward so gravely through park and square, we suddenly discover one day that the inert, snow-smothered sod about us is freshly grown, as it were over night, with frail spears of grass. Even the prudent florists have become sufficiently reassured to allow their patient prisoners to stand in coloured groups upon the pavement; and lo! the very air of the street has become fragrant with the faint, sweet breath of hyacinths! It may be noticed also that some of the simple earthenware pots already contain midsummer flowers—sturdy cuttings of red geraniums, perhaps, with their cheerful suggestion of humming-bird moths and white butterflies and sultry, noonday tennis-lawns of the month of August.

Out beyond the walls of our cities, in the open country, the landscape is resonant with a sound as of flutes. From tree to tree full-throated birds call to each other of the joy of spring. To walk in the country in April has an influence upon one's spirits as precious as a religious ceremony. Narrow thoughts and meanly cherished motives fall from one like last year's leaves, while that peace of God which passeth understanding descends upon the soul like a benediction. Everywhere there is a stir of new life and energy. The vigilant housewives even are out of doors, pegging up their linen to make profit of the spring sunshine. It was this very activity that used to catch the eye of William Shakespeare and seem to him so characteristic and unmistakable a sign of the approach of summer. In his day, as now, the hanging out of immaculate washing on the homely Warwickshire hedgerows coincided with the opening of celandines and the singing of larks.

The white sheet *bleaching on the hedge,*
With, heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!

When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks.

The men too are busy, making ready in this way and that for the foison to be gathered from the opulent months which lie ahead.

Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil.

At last we leave these cheerful homesteads behind us and enter the wood. The ground is still hidden under a damp covering of last year's russet-coloured leaves, and the melting snow has filled all low-lying places with cold, clear water. But if one look carefully it will be seen that each withered leaf is being lifted from its bed by innumerable unnamed shoots that in some mysterious way have heard the call of nature and are scrambling importunately for an opportunity to enjoy their own unique spell of life. In the translucent stream the "water-boatmen" are already out, capriciously sculling across the clear surface at an incredible speed, while with every movement they

make they cast upon the sandy bottom of the rivulet a scarabæus-like shadow, dainty, exquisite, and complete as the most exact and beautiful etching.

Overhead, far up on the branch of a tree, we hear a faint scraping sound. It is the hairy woodpecker who is testing the strength of his bill after his long, solitary winter's sleep. His pied coat conceals a heart quite unashamed, and he is already on the lookout for the mate whom he so basely deserted when the first cold spell of winter weather fell upon the wood last autumn.

A few steps farther, and we are startled by a succession of rough, barking cries. If we were in Africa, we would take the noise to come from the hoarse throats of baboons, for it has the same gruff quality that we associate with the sounds made by the long-snouted inhabitants of the rocky ledges that overlook lake Elmenteita. We advance slowly, peering through the dark tree-trunks. Suddenly the copse seems alive with huge, heavy-winged birds. There must be fifty of them. Some rise into the sky above the wood, others settle themselves on more distant branches, with lowered beaks and backs strangely humped. They have white on their breasts and under their wings, and the feathers on their backs resemble the grey colour of a barn-door owl. Are they American herons? But if so, how different from the long-legged, slender, elongated bird of that name which is wont to balance itself for long hours of preoccupied attention in the more secluded water-flats of Sedgemoor, in England. More probably they are bitterns whose "loud and awful voice" used so often to trouble lonely woodcutters in early days.

But the quivering stillness of the springtime wood is not disturbed by the cries of these enormous birds alone. From a nearby pond comes an excited and continuous murmur, shrill and insistent as the tinkling of a hundred sleighbells. The "peepers" have emerged from their hollow trees and frozen crevices to break the winter's silence which, as long as its waters were warped with ice, held possession of the pond. These little tree-toads convey in their trilling peal a finer sense of ecstasy than ever comes from the mottled, globular throats of authentic bullfrogs in the leafy months of May and June.

But what is this extraordinary vegetable growth thrusting up its cowed shape so sturdily through the soft mud? What subtle, bizarre gnome-alchemy could have created out of the black soil these abnormal, strange-coloured leaves? It is the skunk cabbage, with its smooth surface as marvellous and cold to the touch as the purple abdomen of a tropical toad! Truly, the Goddess Aprilis hath her Calibans, her grotesques, as well as her "darling buds."

MISCELLANY.

THE AUTHOR'S LEAGUE OF CANADA has just put out a good little memorandum on the history of authorship in Canada. It says what should be said about Louis Hémon and his last book, "Maria Chapdelaine," which has probably set the high mark for novel-writing, not only for Canada but for all North America, for some time to come. I am a little surprised, however, to see that the Author's League does not make as much as it might of one of Canada's earliest novelists and in my opinion (with the exception of Hémon) by far her best. Professor James de Mille was not a great and profound genius in fiction; he was no Dickens; but he wrote well and brilliantly, and as far as I can see, his novels are as interesting to-day as they were forty years ago—which is a good test of a good story. I wish that the members of the Author's League would

read, say, "A Castle in Spain," "The American Baron," "The Living Link," and "The Dodge Club," and tell me what they think. The Author's League shows the eagerness of a new nationalism; it has its eye pretty strictly on the present and future of Canadian authorship. This is natural and commendable—*nulla vestigia retrorsum*, by all means—but yet it is quite useful, before starting out in the race for glory, to give one swift glance backward, just to make sure what one's handicap is.

THE president of the Author's League, Mr. John Murray Gibbon, has just published a successful novel under the odd title, "Pagan Love," which I strongly suspect is not original but was somehow foisted upon the book, possibly by the publishers. My reasons for so thinking are, first, that the story has practically nothing to do with any kind of love, whether pagan or Christian—the love-motif is remote and subdued, becoming audible only at the very fag-end of the story—and second, that this is just the sort of title that a hustling publisher would be likely to invent for any kind of story, whether it fitted or not, with a view to stimulating sales. The book's apparent purpose, and its actual value, is in presenting certain social aspects of immigration, and not in its dealings with love. In one respect it is quite unusual. It sets forth situation after situation which one says at once are quite impossible, yet on re-examining them one finds that they are not. The other day, for example, I saw a long review of the book, contending that it is possible for a woman to masquerade as a man and do all the things that Mr. Gibbon makes his hero-heroine do, and giving the classic examples in an extremely convincing way.

MR. STEPHEN LEACOCK'S new book, "My Discovery of England," gives me a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction. It is immeasurably above the pert and padded journalism of Mr. Arnold Bennett, for instance, in "Your United States" and such unconscionable trash as Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Alec Tweedie put on paper. By force of his comparisons, Mr. Leacock's book enables the reader to discover as much about the civilization of the United States as about that of England. I was especially pleased by his observations on the educational system and methods of the University of Oxford, and by his estimate of the Scots as "a truly educated people, not educated in the mere sense of having been made to go to school, but in the higher sense of having acquired an interest in books and a respect for learning." Mr. Leacock calls this a well-known fact, and so it may be, but I do not remember having seen it brought out so explicitly before, and Mr. Leacock has a mark to his credit for having done this.

JOURNEYMAN.

POETRY.

DRINKING ALONE UNDER THE MOON.

(Translated by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-hu.)

From a flagon of wine among the flowers
I drank alone. There was no one with me—
Till, raising my cup, I asked the bright moon
To bring me my shadow and make us three.
Alas, the moon was unable to drink
And my shadow tagged me vacantly;
But still I had awhile these friends
To cheer me through the end of spring . . .
I sang. The moon encouraged me.
I danced. My shadow tumbled after.
As long as I knew, we were boon companions.
And then I was drunk, and we were parted . . .
When shall good will be secure?
I watch the long road of the River of Stars.

LI Po.

THE SOURCES OF POWER: I.

THOSE who aim at any radical reform of our social system are faced by the difficulty that the existing system is advantageous to the holders of power, and is therefore difficult to change. It is not easy to see how power is to be wrested from those who now possess it, unless by a struggle so terrible as to destroy our whole civilization. The apparent hopelessness of this problem causes many to acquiesce in present evils in spite of a keen consciousness of their magnitude, while it leads others to a recklessly revolutionary attitude which estranges those who have a sense of social responsibility. I believe that the problem is by no means as insoluble as it is thought to be. Power, even the most monarchical, requires a popular basis, either in the general opinion of some large group, or in its traditions and habits. Tradition and habit, strong as they are, are diminishing forces in our kaleidoscopic world. Thus opinion becomes the decisive factor in determining who is to hold power in the future. This is the thesis which I wish to establish, by analysing the main sources of power in modern communities.

Power may be defined as ability to cause people to act as we wish, when they would have acted otherwise but for the effects of our desires; it includes also ability to prevent people from acting against our wishes, which is sometimes the utmost that we aim at achieving—for instance in the case of a murderer who is executed. A man possesses power in proportion to his capacity for causing people to act in accordance with his wishes, or for preventing them from acting otherwise. The power of a group is similarly defined, by reference to its collective or dominant wishes.

One may distinguish broadly two methods of acquiring power, namely: force and persuasion. The two are not sharply separated, and merge into each other in marginal cases, but in most instances the difference is clear: the power of the executioner over his victim may be taken as the type of force, while the power of a scientific discoverer over men's thoughts may be taken as the type of persuasion. We may set up the following definitions: *Force* is an influence over the acts of others without altering their desires and beliefs, or at any rate not by means of such alteration; *persuasion* is an influence over the acts of others acquired by means of an alteration in their desires or beliefs. But these definitions are not adequate to distinguish between force and persuasion in doubtful cases. What shall we say of an influence acquired through hypnotism or by supplying morphia? If we regard hypnotism as force, we must face the fact that there is an element analogous to hypnotism in almost all persuasion, and notably in early education. We can not, therefore, draw any sharp line between persuasion and force, or say precisely where one ends and the other begins. But for practical purposes the distinction is a useful one, and in most cases it is not difficult to apply.

In politics there are two main forms of force. The first is that applied in fighting, and also in the criminal law, except in so far as its penalties consist of fines. In this form, we make it physically impossible for a man to do things which we consider undesirable, either by putting him to death, or by depriving him of physical liberty. The second form of force is that which is applied in economic relations, and consists in the power of depriving a man of his livelihood in whole or in part. I shall call the first form of force *military* (including force exercised by the police), and the second *economic*. Those who can exert military

or economic force if they choose are the holders of military and economic power. Here again the distinction is by no means sharp. The pressure exerted on Germany during the war by the blockade was economic, but the power that made this pressure possible was in fact military (i. e. naval). In international affairs the two kinds of power are constantly intermingled, but in the internal affairs of a country they are somewhat more clearly separated. A man can be starved by his employer or imprisoned by the magistrate, and these are, broadly speaking, two different forms of control to which he is subject. They merge into one when the law imprisons a man for having no visible means of subsistence.

We may therefore distinguish, though not too sharply, three kinds of power: military, economic, and mental. The power of armies and navies is military, the power of trust-magnates is economic, and the power of the Catholic Church is mental. I propose to consider in succession the sources of these three kinds of power, and I shall try to show that mental power is the ultimate source of the other two. If this is true, both military and economic power could be indefinitely modified by the operation of mental power.

II

Military Power. There is one source of military power which seems at first sight accidental, but yet has almost more importance than any other; I mean, the size of the national group concerned. Except in civil wars, military power is wielded by a national group, or by several nations in alliance. The size of a nation is determined by historical accidents which it seems impossible to rationalize. A nation is essentially a sentimental unit; that is to say, its other forms of cohesion are based upon and caused by a unity of sentiment. It is true that, in certain modern instances (of which the United States is the chief), the unity of sentiment is derivative, in part, from the governmental unity, through the operation of education; but even in such cases, the governmental unity was originally based upon a sentimental unity. The size of the sentimental unit, other things being equal, determines its military power. Thus any means of operating upon the sentiment of nationality may increase or decrease military power. The uniting of Germany under Bismarck is of course a stock instance.

The importance of mere size it is hardly possible to exaggerate. In the seventeenth century, France defeated Holland, although the Dutch could almost certainly have defeated France if the populations of the two countries had been equal. Cromwell was capable, by his abilities, of playing just as great a part in the world as Napoleon, but was prevented by being at the head of a small nation instead of a large one. Nevertheless there are limits to the effect of size. Russia and China are not as strong as their numbers alone would lead us to expect. There are other sources of power in which they are deficient.

Apart from size, the most important source of military power is developed industry and access to mineral resources. The possession of mineral resources may be a matter of luck, involving no mental characteristics in the possessors. This might seem to militate against our contention that the sources of power are mental. But when a nation possesses minerals without industrial energy, they come to be controlled by others. This has happened in Spain and China; the Bolsheviks tried to prevent it in Russia, but it seems that they are to fail. Whoever may have the natural resources to begin with, they come sooner or later

under the control of some energetic nation which is prepared to exploit them. The Japanese had hardly any natural advantages, but they made up for the deficiencies of their own resources by acquiring control of those of China. We may take it that a nation of sufficient size, if it has the necessary mental characteristics, will somehow acquire access to mineral resources. This is not, therefore, to be put among the pre-conditions of military power.

Developed industry, however, remains essential. It was mainly owing to deficiency in this respect that Russia came to grief. But although a certain degree of industrial development is necessary for munitions, sheer military strength may often turn the scale as between two nations which have both reached that minimum. I think that the British and the Americans are apt to underestimate the influence of armies and navies. Take for instance the position at present of France, Germany, and England in relation to one another. It is the practice among all parties to envelop this position in fine phrases, but the stark reality is as follows: France, by military force alone, has seized the Ruhr coal-field; the Germans can not resist because they are disarmed. Great Britain dislikes this policy, and also dislikes the repudiation by the French of their debt to the British. If the British possessed the necessary armaments, they would collect their debt from France by the same methods which the French are using against the Germans, or by a threat of these methods (if that proved sufficient). The British do not do so because they are afraid of French aeroplanes. Thus the French by means of armaments alone, have been enabled (a) to avoid paying their share of the cost of the great war; (b) to seize the bulk of Germany's industrial resources. It would seem, therefore, that the investing of money in aeroplanes was abundantly justified as a business-proposition.

The moral of this situation is that national power depends largely upon intelligence. The French, since the armistice, have shown more intelligence than the British, because they have realized that superiority in weapons of destruction could be made a source of income, whereas the British have been occupied in balancing their budget. An enormous proportion of the income of nations and individuals, nowadays, is blood-money: payment exacted by the threat of death. Therefore, the most prudent nation is the nation which is in the best position to levy blackmail. I am not speaking figuratively; I am stating sober truth. Those who still think in the commercial terms that were more or less applicable before the war are Rip van Winkles. Modern nations are highwaymen, saying to each other "your money or your life," and generally taking both.

One essential condition of great military power is capacity for public organization. This is a quality which is possessed in a high degree by a few nations but is very deficient in most. In some ways it is, next to size, the most indispensable of all the conditions. In the second Punic war, the Romans were victorious mainly because of their superiority to the Carthaginians in this respect: Hannibal was not supported from home because of the jealousy of his Government. The successes of the Germans in the earlier years of the war were mainly due to their superiority in this respect; probably they surpassed all other nations, past and present, with the possible exception of the Japanese, in their power of organizing for a national effort. The French, the British, and the Americans all possess this power in a high degree; the Italians and Austrians much less, the Russian still less, and the Chinese hardly at all.

It is obvious that capacity for public organization depends in the main upon psychological causes. Material causes, of course, enter in; for example, easy communication and good railways. But these things are less important than the psychological factors. Canada and Australia are vast, thinly-populated areas, yet there is no difficulty in organizing them for national purposes. The main qualities needed seem to be: strong collective desires for common ends; a powerful but intellectualized herd-instinct; and a willingness to subordinate one's own will to that of recognized leaders. The third of these qualities is lacking among educated Chinese, who also have less herd-instinct than most European nations. Uneducated Chinese have strong herd-instincts, but of a type which is too primitive for the needs of modern organization. An instance will make this clear. In 1922, there was a shipping-strike among the Chinese seamen in Hong-Kong harbour. There was a first-class struggle, until at last almost the whole Chinese labouring population of Hong-Kong was drawn in on the side of the strikers. Failing to win by other methods, all the coolies, with their families, set to work to leave the town and seek a livelihood elsewhere. This was too much for the authorities, who felt compelled to give way. The whole incident was an admirable example of instinctive mass-action, but it would be fallacious to infer that a stable trade-union organization could be built up among Chinese coolies at their present low educational level. Similar considerations apply to military organization.

Public organization is promoted by collective enthusiasm, and hindered by laziness and corruption. It is customary to regard laziness and corruption as vices, but in so far as they impair military efficiency they promote the welfare of mankind, and must, therefore, to this extent, be reckoned as virtues. Usually, though not always, the collective passions of a large group are more harmful than individual passions; therefore usually, though not always, the qualities that promote public organization are undesirable. But for the present we are not concerned with good and bad; we are only considering, like Machiavelli, the sources of power; and among the sources of power, capacity for public organization must have a very high place.

Closely connected with capacity for public organization, though not identical with it, is another condition of military power: the existence of homogeneous passions throughout a large population. Great Britain was powerful against the Germans because the nation was united against them, but was impotent against the Bolsheviks because only the Government and the rich wished to defeat them. Even the most perfect organization breaks down if any considerable percentage of the people composing it are hostile to its purpose. The two best examples of the victory of organization against popular feeling are the Puritans in the time of Cromwell and the Bolsheviks in our own day; the plan in each case was to organize those who held certain opinions, while preventing the rest of the population from developing counter-organizations. The Puritan experiment broke down by treachery from within. The Bolshevik experiment is still being tried so far as the *personnel* of the Government is concerned, but has been abandoned (at least temporarily) as regards its impersonal aim, namely: the establishment of communism. Both these experiments, as well as the failure of the British and French Governments to suppress the Bolsheviks, point to the impotence of organization when it is impeded by conflicting passions. It has, however, immense power in placing the merely

indifferent at the disposal of the Government. Most soldiers have no feeling either for or against most wars, but the existence of military organization makes them further the ends of those who make wars, except in the rare cases when the soldiers are actively hostile to these ends.

Hitherto we have been considering external military power, but something must also be said about the internal power of Governments, i. e. their capacity for enforcing their will on their own subjects. In revolutions, the limits to this capacity are exhibited in a dramatic form, but they exist always and everywhere in less dramatic forms. It is generally recognized, for example, that Catholics can not be forced to obey laws which are contrary to their conscience. It would be useless for the Government of India to attempt to make Hindus eat beef or Mohammedans eat pork. These are matters upon which the average man feels strongly. If they were equally opposed to working more than eight hours a day, or to being killed in a cause which does not interest them, Governments would be equally powerless in these respects. But hitherto no population has felt as strongly about matters which affect its welfare as about trivial points of superstition. If a time should ever come when average men desired their own welfare, the ability of the State to enforce its will would be enormously curtailed.

The internal power of the State is, in theory, absolute; but in practice it is liable to many limitations. A measure desired by the Government may rouse such opposition as to cause revolution; or it may so disorganize society as to weaken the nation dangerously in face of foreign enemies; or it may wreck the economic machine by producing sabotage among employers or strikes among wage-earners. In these and other ways it may entail dangers which the Government dare not face. Thus a sufficiently powerful or determined group within a nation may be able to secure its own desires in spite of contrary desires on the part of the State.

What most weakens the power of the State is the organization of groups of citizens for common purposes other than those of the State. Churches, trade unions, and trusts are the principal examples in our day. The State has always shown jealousy of such organizations, and has always done all it dared to suppress them. Sometimes they have shown themselves stronger than the State, and have captured it. Constantine surrendered to the Church, and the American Government to the trusts. The Bolsheviks and the closely analogous Fascists are recent examples of organizations which captured the State. But what commonly happens is that such organizations merely impose certain restrictions upon what the State can do. In practice, when some question concerns a certain group much more intimately than it concerns anyone else, it is generally possible for the group to get its own way in regard to that question, provided it is willing to organize and to suffer some degree of persecution. There are of course exceptions. The question whether Jews should be massacred concerns them more than anyone else, yet in Poland they can not get their own way as regards this question. The same may be said of the lynching of Negroes and the police frame-ups against Reds in America. But these are matters arousing an exceptional degree of passion, and also involving race-questions. Where race-questions are not involved, a sufficiently determined minority will generally be able to hold its own against the State so far as its own affairs are concerned. It is in the

highest degree desirable that this should be possible, and a State which treats minorities ruthlessly is *pro tanto* a bad State.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

(To be continued.)

THE SERBIAN "BLACK HAND."

ON 25 January, 1919, the peace-conference at Paris appointed a commission to investigate the question of responsibility for the war. Among the fifteen members of this commission were two Americans: Robert Lansing, who was elected chairman, and James Brown Scott. After a two months session the commission rendered a report¹ in which the exclusive guilt of Germany and its allies was established. On 4 April, 1919, the American delegates made some reservations bearing on the question of war-criminals; but they emphasized the responsibility of Germany for the war and declared that "its originators should be held up to the execration of humanity" (2. p. 48).² They also published several diplomatic documents of July, 1914, one of which, the Wiesner report, had not been known up to this time. Von Wiesner was a member of the Austrian Foreign Office who had been sent to Sarajevo to investigate the murder of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. The American delegates published the following passage of the Wiesner report, dated Sarajevo, 13 July, 1914:

There are no proofs, not even a surmise, that the Serbian Government knew of the organization of the plot or of its preparation or the supply of weapons. There are clues instead, which make this appear as out of the question [2. p. 47].

This sounds very damaging to Austria, since the Austrian Government had, in the ultimatum of 23 July, 1914, accused Serbia of complicity. The American delegates announced that this was the *essential* part of the report. But the complete text, which was published by the Austrian Government later in the same year of 1919, gives quite a different impression. For Wiesner further stated that the Great-Serbian propaganda against the integrity of Austria-Hungary had been carried on from Serbia with the cognizance of the Serbian Government, that the plot had been hatched in Belgrade, and that the assassins had received help from Serbian officials, especially from one Major Tankositch who had supplied them with bombs, pistols and ammunition and got them secretly over the border (8. I. p. 52-3).

It would be rash to assert that the American delegates wilfully suppressed these facts. According to rumours, a Slav official of the Austrian Government handed the Wiesner report over to the Americans;

¹ M. Clemenceau, as President of the peace-conference, refused to let the German delegates have the reports of the Commission, as they were "of an internal nature." But, probably through an indiscretion, the report regarding the responsibility for the war appeared in the press. Its authenticity was never denied.

² The references which will be cited by number in this article are as follows:

1. Bogitschevitch, Dr. M., "Causes of the War." London: Allen & Unwin, 1921. The pages quoted are from the German edition. "Kriegsursachen." Zurich: O. Füßli, 1919.
2. Deutschland schuldig? Deutsches Weissbuch über die Verantwortlichkeit der Urheber des Krieges, Deutsches Verlagsgesellschaft für Politik und Geschichte, Berlin, 1919.
3. Durham, M. Edith, "Twenty Years of Balkan Tangle." London: Allen & Unwin, 1920.
4. Lazarevitch, Commandant Dobrivoi R., "La Main-Noire." Lausanne: Librairie Nouvelle, 1917.
5. Mandl, Leopold, "Die Habsburger und die Serbische Frage." Wien: Moritz Perles, 1918.
6. Morel, E. D., "The Poison that Destroys. The case for a National Inquiry into the causes of the War and the disaster of the Peace." London: The Independent Labour Party, 1922.
7. Nitti, Francesco, "Peaceless Europe." London: Cassell & Co., 1922. The pages quoted are from the German edition, "Das Friedlose Europa." Frankfurt am Main: Frankfurter Societäts-druckerei, 1922.
8. Oesterreich, Republik, Diplomatische Aktenstücke zur Vorgeschichte des Krieges 1914. T. I-III. Wien: Staatsdruckerei, 1919.
9. Pharos, Professor, "Der Prozess gegen die Attentäter von Sarajevo." Berlin: R. von Decker's Verlag, 1918.
10. Thomson, Christopher Birdwood, "Old Europe's Suicide, or the Building of a Pyramid of Errors." London: The National Labour Press, 1920.

and it may very well be that he purposely supplied them with only the "essential" passage which they quoted.

While Wiesner was making his investigations at Sarajevo, the English weekly *John Bull* published, on 11 July, 1914, an article entitled "The Murdered Archduke: Complicity of the Serbian Government" which created a great sensation. The editor, Horatio Bottomley, wrote that "about eight months ago Serbia instituted a Secret Service Bureau at their London Legation." When the Legation moved in April, 1914, from Belgrave Mansions Hotel to Queen's Gate, "it was decided to tear up and burn a large number of documents which it was considered unwise to preserve." But one document "of the most incriminating character, and relating . . . to the projected murder of 'F.F.'—Francis Ferdinand," fell into the hands of *John Bull*. It was in cipher on the official letter-paper of the Legation, with its embossed address, and bore the date 5 April. Bottomley reproduced a facsimile of it, in the private code of the Secret Service. Translated into English the document read:

For the total elimination of F.F. the sum of £2000 sterling paid as follows: £1000 on your arrival in Belgrade by the hands of Mr. G. and the rest, £1000, on finishing the work paid as above. The sum of £200 for expenses and to pay agents, etc., before you leave here. Your arrangements do not . . .

Bottomley pointed out that his revelation did not implicate the staff of the Legation proper, but he asserted "that the Serbian Secret Service were actively at work, at the Legation, plotting the foul deed," and his verdict was: "*Serbia must be wiped out!*" Upon the authority of the Norwegian scholar, Dr. H. H. Aall, I may add here that on the same day, 11 July, 1914, the Serbian Legation announced its intention to begin legal proceedings against *John Bull*, an intention which—for unknown reasons—it never carried out.

(Some time ago Mr. Bottomley was sentenced for embezzlement to seven years penal servitude; a fact detrimental to his reliability. However, Miss M. Edith Durham, one of the foremost authorities on Balkan affairs—see book No. 3—wrote me that she still believes Bottomley to have stated the truth against Serbia.)

The Austrian Government was well aware of the political agitation carried on by Serbians through a number of organizations, the most prominent of which was the famous "Narodna Odbrana" (National Defence). It also had knowledge of the "Black Hand," but thought it merely a branch of the "Narodna Odbrana"; and this explains why the Austrians, in their charges against the Serbians, never mentioned the "Black Hand." Since the murder at Sarajevo, a great deal of light has been brought to bear upon this pernicious secret society whose members, as some experts, even Serbians themselves, declare, provoked the world-war (4. p. 6).

Dobrivoi R. Lazarevitch, a high Serbian officer, tells us that the "Black Hand" originated in the gang of fifty-seven officers and officials who, in June, 1903, murdered their King and Queen. The new King, Peter, having been put on the throne by these men, had no power over them. Later even Crown-Prince Alexander had to join the society. Many members of the Government belonged to it, among them all Ministers of War after 1903, and Prime-Minister Pashitch. Lazarevitch publishes a list of all the members (4. pp. 40-49). Miss Durham writes that

the 'Black Hand' was responsible to none. . . . Members . . . joined the police force, and so secured their plans against

police interference. By means of a paper called *Piemont*, they spread violent chauvinism and advocated savage methods. Damian Popovitch, the head assassin, held an important post. Efforts on the part of politicians, who disapproved of its methods, to break up the society failed. Unexplained deaths took place. The 'Black Hand' brooked no interference [3. pp. 207-8].

During the Balkan wars of 1912-13 this society showed its strength. It was largely responsible for the atrocities which, according to an English eye-witness, General C. B. Thomson, "stained indelibly the heroism and the endurance of the Serbian soldiers"—"an orgy of wanton destruction was permitted, if not encouraged, by the Serbian staff" (10. p. 47).

It is known that a Carnegie Commission investigated the atrocities of the belligerents in 1913. Everywhere it found traces of the "Black Hand." The report published by the Commission says, for instance:

The population at Uskub called their station the Black House, from the name of the League itself, the Black Hand. The worst crimes were committed by this organization, known to all the world, and under powerful protection. It was of distinct advantage to the regular Government to have under its hand an irresponsible power like this, which soon became all powerful, and could be disowned if necessary. . . . Our records are full of depositions which throw light on the activities of these legalized brigands [3. p. 255].

Lazarevitch states that in the end the members of the "Black Hand" were "the absolute masters of the country," and that "no Minister dared to undertake anything any more without the express approval of the 'Black Hand'" (4. p. 10, 18).

General Thomson gives a vivid picture of the remarkable state of affairs in Serbia around 1913:

M. Pashitch . . . only retained office by submission to forces independent of the Government. The foreign policy of Serbia was dictated by M. Hartwig, the Russian Minister . . . Serbia's internal affairs were at the mercy of factions and secret societies; of these the most influential was a society known as the 'Black Hand,' which included among its members some of the ablest men in the country, whose patriotism was beyond dispute, but who had all the vices of their virtues . . . in their eyes it was statesmanship to give free rein to the unbridled appetites of ignorant, shortsighted men intoxicated by success [10. pp. 38-9].

The reader will remember that Austria and Italy, being pledged to an autonomous Albania, refused to let Serbia have a port of its own on the Adriatic Sea, and that this was one of the reasons for the "fratricidal" war against the Bulgarians.

The 'Black Hand' society got many new adherents from the Serbian army in Albania during these fateful days. Made bitter by helplessness and disappointment, these men believed that that society alone stood up for Serbia's rights, and so they joined the ranks of the enemies of peace [10. p. 55].

In 1913, the war against Austria-Hungary was freely discussed in the Serbian army. General Thomson reached Belgrade early in April, 1914, and even at that time, he tells us, "the General Staff was talking and planning war" (10. p. 73). About this time King Peter retired and his second son Alexander took over the regency (Crown-Prince George had been forced to renounce his right to the throne in 1909, because he had killed his valet). The country was in a state of excitement. Austria-Hungary was bitterly hated because of an oppressive economic policy. The Austrian heir to the throne, Francis Ferdinand, was feared; for his plan was to form an autonomous South-Slav State within the federation of the Dual Monarchy, and this meant, of course, the destruction of the Great-Serbian aspirations.

Major Tankositch, mentioned in the Wiesner report, was one of the most conspicuous members of the "Black Hand." He had distinguished himself as a *komitadchi* (guerrilla-chief) in the Balkan wars. He took under his personal protection the Bosnian students who came to Belgrade to study (4. p. 27). Many of these students were poisoned with nihilistic and nationalistic ideas and were, therefore, an easy prey to seduction. Lazarevitch tells us:

When the papers published the news that the Archduke of Austria would go to Sarajevo, the members of the 'Black Hand' considered this a great piece of good luck; for they had been preparing to kill Francis Ferdinand for a long time [4. p. 27].

A Serbian railway-employee of Bosnian descent arranged the plot with the help of Major Tankositch. The assassins were all Austrian Bosnians. The murder was committed on 28 June, 1914; both the Archduke and his wife were shot with pistols. The bombs which were in the possession of the assassins, and one of which had been thrown unsuccessfully, came originally from the Royal Serbian arsenal at Kragujevatz; in all probability, however, they were not taken out expressly for this plot, but had been left in the hands of the *komitadchis* after the Balkan wars. All these implements of murder had been provided by the Serbian Major Tankositch, who supplied the young conspirators also with cyanide (it had been arranged that they should poison themselves, in order to cover any traces which might lead to Belgrade). When the news of the murder reached the Serbian capital, the "Black Hand" were jubilant (4. p. 28), and it seems that the whole city triumphed (3. p. 288). Miss Durham "ascertained that in Cetinje (Montenegro) the Archduke's murder was accepted unhesitatingly as Serb work." Soon afterward she returned home and wrote in her enlightening book on the Balkans:

The first thing I did in London was to send back to King Peter the Order of St. Sava he had bestowed upon me, with a letter telling him I had heard the attack upon Austria freely discussed the previous year, and that I considered him and his people guilty of the greatest crime in history [3. p. 283].

There is, indeed, enough evidence to prove that the Serbian Government was aware of what was going on; the former Serbian Diplomat, Dr. M. Bogitchevitch leaves no doubt about that (1. p. 80; quoted in No. 3. p. 289). There is good reason to believe that Prime Minister Pashitch would have liked to prevent the deed. It was too early from his viewpoint, because Serbia had not recuperated sufficiently from the late wars; and Russia, too, needed more time to prepare. But Pashitch found himself in a painful dilemma: if he exposed the plot, he ran the obvious danger of exposing his own connexion with these criminal societies. Therefore, he contented himself with giving the Serbian Ambassador in Vienna an order to warn *privately* the Austrian Government, which order, according to the testimony of Count Berchtold, Austrian Foreign Minister, was never carried out (5. pp. 148-152).

After the murder, Pashitch was in the same dilemma. This explains why the Serbian authorities did not move a finger to call the Serbian instigators to account, although two days after the assassination they received from the police-department of the prefecture of Belgrade the following astounding document which was addressed to the Minister of the Interior:

I have the honour to inform you . . . that yesterday evening three individuals—former *komitadchis*—came to Mr. Svetolic Savic, owner of the paper *Balkan*, and asked him on

behalf of Major Tankositch not at any price to publish anything in his paper regarding any connexions and relations of the assassin Cabrinovic with the Belgrade personalities, their associates. Moreover, he should not write anything in his paper likely to compromise any Serbian; or else something serious might happen to him. In letting you know this I have the honour to report to you, that I have taken measures to procure the names of these *komitadchis*¹ [9. p. 81].

On the day this document was written, Chevalier von Storck of the Austrian Legation in Belgrade telegraphed to Vienna:

I have addressed to M. Gruitch, secretary to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the question appropriate to the moment, to inquire what measures the police have already taken, or intend to take, to follow up the traces of the crime which are notoriously spread through Serbia. He replies that up till now the police have not occupied themselves with the affair.

Miss Durham adds to this: "The consummate impudence of which remark needs no comment" (3. p. 288). Up to the time of the Austrian ultimatum of 23 July, 1914, a period of more than three weeks, the Serbian Government took no steps whatever to clear up the conspiracy. Both Lazarevitch and Bogitchevitch condemn this "frivolous" attitude in sweeping terms, and the latter suggests as the only possible explanation that Serbia had received the assurance of Russian help (4. p. 37; 1. p. 81).

Leopold Mandl, who enjoyed exceptional connexions with Serbian politicians, asserts that Pashitch did not think Austria would make the murder of the Archduke the cause of a punitive expedition against Serbia. He and the other Ministers were ready to accept the Austrian ultimatum. In this case the King was to abdicate and Pashitch to resign. At the same time the "Black Hand" was to be utterly done away with. This society, on the other hand, planned a rebellion against the Government and the murder of Pashitch, in case the ultimatum were accepted. But telegrams from Russia on 25 July completely changed the situation: "Pashitch, that old atheist, crossed himself and with tears in his eyes embraced the Russian Chargé d'Affaires, exclaiming: 'Long live the Tsar!'" (5. p. 157).

Bogitchevitch, who certainly knew his country, points out that the accusations contained in the Austrian ultimatum were, with few exceptions, based on facts (1. p. 86). But Russia made Serbia's cause her own, and in this connexion Francesco Nitti, former Italian Premier, remarks: "The Russian policy in Serbia could be called truly criminal." Nitti also declares that "Russia was Europe's biggest danger, its greatest menace" (7. p. 90, 92). Every student of the war in fact knows that Serbia without Russia's backing never would have dared to provoke Austria.

In September, 1914, Maurice Paléologue, the French Ambassador in St. Petersburg, had an interesting conversation with Count Witte, the celebrated Russian statesman. Witte denounced the war as a "stupid adventure," which should be brought to an end "as soon as possible," since it might benefit only France and England. Whereupon Paléologue indignantly retorted: "Allow me to recall to you, that if the world is to-day given over to blood and flames, it is for a cause in which Russia was pre-eminently interested, a cause eminently Slav, a cause which concerned neither France nor Britain." To this Count Witte dryly answered that "Serbia should have been allowed to receive the chastisement it deserved" (6. p. 18).

Does this not clearly show how the world-war grew out of an Austro-Serbian conflict?

After the armistice, Serbian officials hurried to Vienna and insisted on being given all the documents connected with the trial of the murderers. Upon this action Miss Durham comments as follows:

They suppressed, that is, at the earliest possible moment, the evidence of Serbian guilt. Had they found any flaw in that evidence, any sign of a miscarriage of justice, we may be certain they would long ere this have trumpeted it to the world [*Foreign Affairs*, London, November, 1922].

In the summer of 1919 the Serbians exhumed the bodies of the murderers. An altar was erected at the spot where the Archduke and his wife fell, and a funeral mass was celebrated—for the souls of the assassins. At this ceremony the Serbian Government was officially represented, and the streets were lined with soldiers. The murderers are regarded as national heroes throughout Serbia (*Foreign Affairs*, London, October, 1919).

In spite of all this evidence, the commission appointed by the peace-conference came to the really remarkable conclusion that "A crime, committed by an Austro-Hungarian subject, on Austro-Hungarian territory, can in nowise compromise Serbia" (2. p. 16).

The commission sat for two months. A great deal of the material here quoted had already been published. Besides, General Thomson, who had been attached to the Serbian Staff during the Balkan wars and knew the country well, was at that very time in Versailles as a member of the Supreme War Council of the Allies. Miss Durham also might easily have been consulted; that she was a recognized authority on Balkan affairs¹ is proved by the fact that Sir Edward Grey had asked her in the autumn of 1915 to undertake a political mission to Albania (3. p. 284). But of course the testimony of General Thomson and Miss Durham would have been in absolute contradiction to the foregone conclusions of the Commission.

I would like to conclude this article with the following quotation from the Serbian consul in Odessa, Marko Zemovic:

In the years from 1908 to 1914, the helpless little Slav State [Serbia] dared to shake the heavily-armed European peace to its very foundations. . . . The South Slavs forced little Serbia into the war with Austria-Hungary, by provoking the deed in Sarajevo. The calculations of the South Slavs, which were considered naïve, realized themselves only too well. The shots at Sarajevo set the whole world ablaze [5. p. 11; the booklet of the Serbian consul was published in 1915, with the consent of the Russian censorship].

This passage needs no comment. In leaving the subject, it may be well to recall that the American delegates in Paris declared, with regard to the great war, that "its originators should be held up to the execration of humanity."

HERMANN LUTZ.

THE GROWTH OF A LITERARY MYTH.

MR. H. L. MENCKEN is responsible for the creation of a literary myth. In the first series of his "Prejudices" it sprang full-grown into life. There he created the four-headed monster which he christened the "Croce-Spingarn-Carlyle-Goethe theory," and which was intended to serve as the titular deity for all the ideas he found in a volume of essays entitled "Creative Criticism." The monster has developed a vigour that threatens to make light of infant mortality;

¹ Serbians have admitted that Miss Durham "has done us more harm than any other individual." But they never dared to contradict her statements. Miss Durham informed me on 16 February, 1922, that the Serbians now are boasting that as soon as Russia is ready the great advance of Slaydom will take place. They say that they will march to Vienna and "as much farther as we please, and no one can stop us."

¹ This most important document was discovered by the Austrian troops when they occupied Serbia.

for some young critics it has become, not a myth or a monster, but an important reality; it has even developed the power of the amoeba to split up into parts each with a life of its own. So Mr. George Jean Nathan, in his recent book on "The Critic and the Theatre," takes as the starting point of his whole discussion something that he calls "the Goethe-Carlyle theory," which seems to be a theory of dramatic criticism in some way related to Mr. Mencken's more inclusive "Croce-Spingarn-Goethe-Carlyle theory" of criticism in general. So, too, Mr. Pierre Loving, in a still more recent review of "The Drama in Transition," in the *Literary Review*, tells us that "the Croce-Spingarn theory (a patent offshoot of that espoused by Goethe and Carlyle) categorically secludes drama in a place apart from the theatre." If I were not writing in a place which is rich in climate but poor in books, I should have no difficulty in adding many other illustrations of the vitality with which Mr. Mencken's creation lives.

Alas, there is no "Croce-Spingarn-Goethe-Carlyle theory." Certainly there is no "Goethe-Carlyle theory of the drama" such as Mr. Nathan and Mr. Loving and the rest imagine. If there is a "Croce-Spingarn theory" (of the drama or anything else) it owes no direct debt to Goethe or Carlyle. Indeed, it is a question whether it is fair to one far greater than I to call the theory of dramatic criticism which I have developed "the Croce-Spingarn theory," for Mr. A. B. Walkley once filled two columns of the *London Times* with proofs that my theory is not good Crocean doctrine, and perhaps he is right.

The confusion, I imagine, came about somewhat in this way. Over a dozen years ago, at the very outset of the so-called "American Renaissance," I attempted, among other things, to make some of the implications of Croce's æsthetic theory clear to Americans. I was not expounding Croce (I have left that to others); I was making use of him for the benefit of my countrymen. Croce was writing in a country whose chief living men of letters were Carducci and D'Annunzio. I was writing for an audience that read with respect if not with pleasure the work of Hamilton Wright Mabie and Richard Watson Gilder. I did not hesitate therefore to make my own use of the material Croce afforded me; and the result, for better or for worse, is a very one-sided introduction to Croce's thought, and is responsible, I fear, for most of the misapprehensions in regard to his ideas that exist in America to-day. How many a phrase have I seen quoted by one of *les jeunes* as Croce which happened to be only Spingarn! Still it was at least good Spingarn, even if it was very imperfect Croce.

Now, it so happened that while I was writing one of these essays I came upon two passages in Goethe and Carlyle which seemed to reinforce Croce's conception of criticism, and so I quoted them. They were the passages in which it is said that the critic should concern himself with the poet's own intentions and not with rules laid down by others; that the critic should ask of any creative work: "What has the writer proposed to himself to do, and how well has he succeeded in carrying out his own plan?" It is one of Goethe's most casual utterances, let slip in one of his essays and never elaborated; it is repeated by Carlyle in his essay on Goethe; and, long forgotten, it has now apparently become the rallying cry of quite a number of our younger critics. Understood rightly, it does explain exactly what I intended it should; understood literally, as it seems to have been misunderstood by virtually the whole of that tiny minority

which reads what I write, it completely distorts not only Croce's meaning but any possible truth. For the "intentions" of a writer, in the literal sense of that word, may be of no more concern to his critics than the colour of his hair. Literature, like hell, is paved with good intentions; Milton's nephew, Edward Phillips, said truly that every poet *intends* to write a good poem. Milton himself intended to write a classical epic, and Addison judged him largely by his success in carrying out this intention; but in so doing, Addison sinned against the central spirit of modern criticism, which has found another method of judging artistic excellence than agreement or disagreement with external and mechanical standards.

The poet's real "intention" is to be found, not in one or another of the various ambitions that flit through his mind, but in the actual work of art which he creates. His poem is his "intention." In any other sense, "intention" is outside the æsthetic field—a mere matter of the poet's literary theory or his power of will—and so matter for the biographer of the man rather than for the critic of the poem. Croce himself quotes as an early anticipation of his thought on this point a couplet from Pope's "Essay on Criticism":

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ.

This is closer to the truth, and less liable to misapprehension, than the passages from Goethe and Carlyle; for it is the creative "spirit" and not mere volition or "intention" that is concerned—the spirit in which the author actually writes and not what he intended to write. When I had occasion to reprint the essay in which the Goethe-Carlyle passages were first quoted, I added a *caveat* against this possible misinterpretation, to the effect that the "intention" of the author must be sought in the work of art itself. But even this was not sufficient, for Mr. Burton Rascoe has recently asserted that the idea of "intention" is the basis of the whole Crocean system, and has challenged me to tell what Shakespeare "intended" at the moment when he sat down to write "The Phoenix and the Turtle." Yet whatever may have been Shakespeare's "intention" in Mr. Rascoe's sense (not mine), no criticism of that poem or any other poem is possible without a realization of "the spirit in which its author writ."

Even this brief explanation should make clear how absurd it is to call the massive system of Croce a "patent offshoot" of the casual utterances of Goethe and Carlyle, and how (*mea culpa*) the mere accident of quotation is responsible for the absurdity. Only when reinterpreted in a modern sense are these casual utterances true; but whatever their truth, they are mere *obiter dicta* embedded in work that does not attempt to elaborate them. There is no important idea in the world for which such informal, and I might add unimportant, anticipations can not be found. It is true that all modern criticism owes much to the Germans of the age from Herder to Hegel; and every critic who calls a poem a work of art or a novelist an artist pays unconscious tribute to the thinkers who first made us understand that all the forms of the creative imagination are contained in the single concept of *Kunst*, or art. But to say that Goethe and Carlyle are the fathers of the Crocean system because it has been possible to find in their work isolated utterances which seem to anticipate one of the minor incidents of his thought, is on a par with Professor Irving Babbitt's contention that the modern theory of the relation between "genius" and "taste" is not modern at all because two characters in one of Smollett's

novels used the words "genius" and "taste" over a century and a half ago.

This is not a defence of Croce, but a little contribution to the history of contemporary criticism. In a sense we have "passed beyond" Croce, just as we have passed beyond the immortals who preceded him from the days of Plato; and this is as he himself would have it, for no man has denied more completely than he the idea of finality in thought. But no critic who has not "passed through" him is in a position to understand what modern criticism has really achieved. Has Mr. Mencken passed through him? I re-read the essay in which the "Croce-Spingarn-Goethe-Carlyle theory" is expounded, and this at least seems clear: Mr. Mencken realizes that he is face to face with novel and important ideas, whereas his academic opponents do not even realize that. Such prestige as the theory has acquired in America is largely due to his generous trumpeting; and how much more interesting and alive all the ideas seem when infused with his vigorous personality. And yet—and yet—I rub my eyes—what has become of the ideas as a result of this infusion? Is the theory merely a defence of impressionism in criticism, instead of an exposure of its limitations and a pointing to something beyond? And can any man who explains poetic inspiration by "the chemical content of the digestive tract" be said to have "passed through" Croce?

So much for Mr. Mencken's "Croce-Spingarn-Goethe-Carlyle theory." I hardly know how to characterize its offshoot, Mr. Nathan's "Goethe-Carlyle theory of the drama." Mr. Nathan has devoted himself (very wisely, I think) to the work of contemporary playwrights and actors, and has not wasted his time, as I have, in the study of the history and philosophy of criticism. His mental process in this case (without the lively language that must run through so acrobatic a brain) seems to have been something like this: "Spingarn has written an essay on dramatic criticism; he is devoted to Croce, so the ideas in the essay probably came from Croce. But Croce's ideas are apparently based on some passages on the purpose of criticism in general which Spingarn in another essay quotes from Goethe and Carlyle. Evidently, then, Goethe and Carlyle had a theory of dramatic criticism substantially like Spingarn's."

If Mr. Nathan is a sportsman and fond of the chase, I suggest that he spend his next holiday hunting for a theory of dramatic criticism in Carlyle. If he has no luck on that expedition, his next may very well be spent in searching Goethe for a theory that "categorically secludes drama in a place apart from the theatre." As a final jaunt I suggest that he make his way through the jungle of Croce's thirty or forty volumes, in quest of any extended discussion of "the theory of the drama." He will find much to interest him on the way, not least of all Croce's early work on "The Theatres of Naples," which is still the best book on the subject; and he will discover how much not only I but all modern critics owe to Croce's seminal thought. But he will come out of the jungle, I think, without his earlier conviction that the theory of dramatic criticism which he calls the "Goethe-Carlyle theory" is to be found either in Goethe or in Carlyle, or that Croce is to be blamed for all the obvious weaknesses of my own essay on "Dramatic Criticism and the Theatre."

If he is still unwearied after all this exercise, I suggest that he search the shelves of some great library for a book on "Literary Criticism in the Renaissance" (published several years before Croce's famous

"Æsthetic"), that he blow away the dust that has gathered over it, and turn to its discussion of a sixteenth-century Italian, Castelvetro, whose "theory of the theatre" anticipates that of Mr. Archer, Professor Baker, and their ilk. There Mr. Nathan will find my youthful answer to Castelvetro's theory. There he will see how early in life I acquired a distaste for this "theory of the theatre," for the "well-made play," and for all the rest of the shallow doctrine current in our time. There he will find, briefly but explicitly stated, the conception of dramatic criticism which has been mine from the beginning, and which Croce and a host of other critics and thinkers have given me arguments to explain and defend. To describe that conception as "categorically secluding the drama apart from the theatre" is completely to misunderstand its meaning, for it is concerned with neither drama nor theatre, on a merely empirical plane. It is based on the idea—call it faith, if you will—that the artist is not created by external conditions but creates them, and that criticism, therefore, whether of the drama or of any other form of the creative imagination, must look to the inner life of art, and not to external conditions or mechanical tests, as the basis for its judgments.

J. E. SPINGARN.

FROM A CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK.

ABOUT two hundred years ago writers had a capacity which for a century now seems to have been lost: the capacity for squandering brilliance unobtrusively, for covering up the track of a stroke of wit with another stroke of wit, avoiding any appearance of satisfaction at one's own cleverness. Voltaire brought this gift and this temper to an unnoticeable perfection; he scattered his wit around him and left it behind, as apparently unconscious of his powers as a ship is of the wake which she unrolls over the sea. This is an attitude which is becoming more difficult in literature, and during the last century has been rarer and rarer. Almost all the English prose writers of last century wrote "for effect." Carlyle was a great deal indebted to his odd rhapsodies, and Ruskin to his set purple passages, now justly absurd to us; Pater picked out words on the tip of his finger and by a delicate excess of congruity in them gave them a false emphasis, an obtrusiveness as words merely and not as symbols; Meredith tried to draw attention to every sentence he wrote, and attained a multiplicity of "points" which, unhappily both for him and his effect, ran into the pointlessness of chaos; Arnold achieved a false emphasis, made himself noteworthy, by an excessive moderation, an exaggerated urbanity; and Newman, the lucid man, singled himself out a little too self-consciously by his lucidity—for it was not what he said but the clearness with which he said it that interested his readers and himself. Since the eighteenth century it has been impossible for a prose writer to appear before the public without some appearance of display. This change is not due entirely to the increase in self-consciousness in the last hundred years, but as well to a definite decrease in vitality. To emphasize, deliberately or unconsciously, a single quality or a few chosen passages in one's prose, is a sign that one regards this quality, this kind of passage, as immensely important: as the thing, perhaps, which *qua* writer, carries one through. This single quality one is tempted more and more to fall back upon and to stage manage, until it becomes a trick of greatness, as it became in Carlyle, Ruskin and Meredith. Once it is accepted, even by the most talented man, all sorts of mannerisms spring from it; for mannerism is an unconscious means of drawing attention: it is the clown at the

door of one's booth, giving no conception of the entertainment to be found inside. A difference in vitality distinguishes, chiefly, the prose of the nineteenth century from the prose of Bunyan and Defoe. In Bunyan, health and fullness stand on every page, making his prose as simple and sound as a ripe apple. The first part of "The Pilgrim's Progress"—for the second part is, except for two glorious episodes, complacently second-rate—easily excels all the prose written in the nineteenth century, and excels it in every way: in invention carrying us from one delight to another, and in truth at the same time making the invention convincing; in clearness and logic; in concreteness; in continuous significance; in a full and realistic grasp of the psychology of human nature; and above all in sureness, in always being right and never striking a false note. Prose languishes under the Romantic Movement which, begun a hundred and fifty years ago, has lasted, in one disguise or another, to our day, just as poetry languished in the age of classical English prose. It seems impossible to attain, except in the very greatest periods, a set of conditions which will be propitious for both.

IN La Bruyère and most of the other French moralists, every observation sounds like a remark thrown into a company of people and intended to raise a conversation. This conversation we can imagine as being at once very frank and very polite; the politeness disembarassing the frankness, and the frankness enlisting the politeness. The connexion is organic between French finesse in psychology and French social frankness and conversational ease. People who talk much and freely, who say and hear things which in other nations are not said and heard, will in a short time see innumerable nuances in an episode or a character where phlegmatic and reserved peoples see only uninteresting black and white. French psychology is, finally, French manners and conversation, idealized a little, made serious but not too serious, surveying life and itself and conversing with the world. . . . The Germans and the English, who do not talk so much as the French, and who, when they do talk, are solemn and timid respectively, have not produced psychologists comparable with their neighbours. The substitute for frank conversation has been in Germany ideals, in England, since Johnson, smoking: a choice, on the whole, favourable to England, for one can smoke and be silent, and appear neither solemn nor awkward.

THE uses of advertisement have in the modern world become so sweet that some antidote is more necessary than it was ever before; yet the well-proved, traditional check upon flattery—and advertisement is organized flattery—this old check, scandal, has as an art been almost lost in our time. A renaissance of a kind might well begin with a new school for scandal; at any rate, while life is more or less a scandalous matter, the condemnation of scandal will be regarded by a few people as not obviously disinterested. In itself scandal has not a few virtues: it saves us from the indulgence, unprofitably profitable, in self-examination, which characterizes our time. By means of it, one can get a notion more objective and complete of human nature than one can get by introspection. One's temper is sweetened by its free theoretical exercise on all sorts of evil which otherwise would embarrass one; and one can behave with more affection towards people, having expressed all one's irritation with them in words. And it is better that, if evil is to be spoken of some one, it should be spoken either behind his back or with as much publicity as possible: it is believed; it is taken quite seriously. The generation-old wisdom of the world is here, as in so many other unexpected

places, entirely irrefutable. Moreover, it is certain that whoever practises and listens to scandal without misgiving has achieved an attitude which will make existence less a slavery to him than it is to other people. It is one means, and the most common given to men, of seeing the world, and by reflection themselves, as an æsthetic spectacle, and in the terms of art.

STENDHAL, with infinitely less command over the smaller perfections of style than his disciple, Mérimée, had a tremendous capacity for choosing the incident, the emotion, the accident, which was at the same time most expressive of the situation and his own attitude towards it. This capacity is style in its greatest sense, the thing which makes a work organic, seeming to grow out of itself, and personal, seeming to be a phase in the growth of the author, and as proper to him as his arms and his legs. Mérimée had only half of this terrific quality: his works were organic, but they were impersonal. But there is not a sentence in Stendhal's novels which is not soaked in an atmosphere which we can associate with no one but himself. Yet formally only two things can be said about his style: that he said what he meant, and never said more than he meant.

EDWIN MUIR.

THE THEATRE.

"THE ADDING MACHINE."

NOTHING in art is quite so distressing as imitation. It is an imposition that has not even the merit of a serviceable substitute or a faithful reproduction. Nor is imitation to be confused with the matter of influences, trends or schools, since its borrowing is deliberate and its tendency is to be subversive and parasitical. In art the impulse at least must be true and personal, however conditioned by contemporary modes of thought and expression the execution, and even the conception itself, may be. In so far as outside influences predominate over the artist's vision, they must unquestionably count as a serious defect; imitation, however, is a sin of another colour, for it negates the very possibility of art by confessing itself bankrupt at the start.

This distinction may seem hard and unjustified in a consideration of the Theatre Guild's latest play. Hard because, in "The Adding Machine," Mr. Elmer Rice shows an unquestionable talent for the theatre, a *flair* for characterization, an instinct for situation that is certainly diverting, if not quite compelling, and a sense of humour that, were it sustained by any passionate response to life, would attain the quality of comic irony to which it aspires. Yet, despite this not inconsiderable equipment, Mr. Rice's play seems to be a concoction of strident modernity that would be difficult to explain on any more charitable basis than that it is a clever exploitation of expressionism. In idea and in technique, in the nature of its general conception as well as in its exaggerated stage-business, it reminds us somewhat unpleasantly of all the recent ventures in expressionism. Thus its daring somehow falls flat; its modernity is fatally reminiscent; while what remains seems frail and disjointed. There is no direct plagiarism—only a complete and audacious surrender to modern forms that is disagreeable in proportion to its calculated hope of succeeding. Indeed, the business of being true to form is so pervasive and the conviction behind this effort so transparent that the play attains at times the flavour of a travesty. Even so, the production might have been entertaining, were it not for the fact that the play's content and treatment carry a pre-

sumption of seriousness. To be facetious in strained moments, is the peculiar prerogative, by right of genius, of Mr. Bernard Shaw.

The play is written in seven scenes which centre about the character of a bookkeeper, labelled Mr. Zero, who, after twenty-five years of drudgery, is replaced by an adding-machine. The blow releases a last desperate spark of passion, and he murders his employer. He is brought to trial and found guilty. In the scene that follows, he rises from his grave in a cemetery where, by a happy convenience of expressionism, the dead go on living to the extent, at any rate, of rehearsing their tragedies and smoking Camel cigarettes. Here Mr. Zero meets a man who has murdered his mother, but whose significance in the play it would be difficult indeed to determine unless his weird protestations of guilt were intended as a kind of comic relief to nothing in particular. However this may be, his impossibly tragic woes are reiterated through this scene and the next, in which the two murderers meet again in the Elysian Fields. They are joined by Daisy Diana Dorothea Devore—an alliteration which is presumably funny and satiric. It is the name of a meagre, depressed little soul who had spent her life adding columns of figures opposite Mr. Zero. Her pale, withered, futile hope of a flirtation with the colourless Mr. Zero ended merely in her suicide, once they were separated. In the Elysian Fields, the restraints of earth having been left behind, they are about to enjoy one another's embraces at last, when Mr. Zero learns to his dismay that such transgressions are a matter of indifference to the souls who inhabit this "pleasant place," and forthwith he becomes virtuously indignant and leaves. His prosaic, conventional soul asserts itself against the passionate glow of life which he could endure only by labelling it immoral. He had need of fortifying his failure in life by a perverse and snickering code, by a wall of cowardice that he could not scale. In the final scene, he attains to the precise degree of bliss that he can endure—he becomes a glorified bookkeeper content with a gigantic, golden adding-machine, a heavenly toy. Thus presumably the symbolism would seem to imply that he is in the end what he was in the beginning—a soul without yearning, a yielding slave to the circumstances of life. In a cycle of reincarnation he is returned once more to earth. "Lieutenant Charles" of the Elysian heaven—a person who somehow suggests a cross between a sea-captain and a janitor—ushers him back to life, led by Hope, the bitter handmaiden of failure.

The play is written in an expressionistic manner, but its expressionism is treated with such disproportionate emphasis, such conscious insistence, that it gives the impression of a play that is merely a vehicle for a method. Moreover, the flavour of its expressionism, and of the situations that sustain it, reminds one of "Liliom," "R. U. R." "From Morn to Midnight," "The Hairy Ape," and at moments even of "Dr. Caligari." Mr. Elmer Rice seems so uncertain of his material—despite the excellent characterization of Mr. Zero and Daisy Devore—and of the effects he wished to attain, that he falls into a kind of facetious contempt of the method—a sort of irresponsibility through which he betrays the play, letting it drift into comical, at times burlesque, effects that are anything but impressive. They keep the play, throughout, on a complacent level. Neither directly nor by implication were the characters revealed against a larger background.

Irony arises from misspent effort, from inward discrepancies. The tragedy of our habit-ridden lives consists precisely in the fact that the individual is

reduced *almost* to zero; *almost* to the condition of a moron or of a robot. That slight discrepancy is the gate to a tragic interpretation, to pity and to irony. But in the play we received no hint of this; rather were the characters simplified to an artificial pattern which reached a degree of caricature that, with the singing of "My Country 'Tis of Thee" in the third scene, was absurd, cheap and simpering. To achieve effects that make us laugh with veiled contempt instead of deepening our understanding—not only in this scene, but in the very spirit of the play—is to be facetiously superior at the expense of the situation. The play was flattering to an audience that, by and large, saw no obvious reason for identifying itself with a grub-bookkeeper. Its dab of radicalism was sufficiently simplified and evident to please anyone who had read "Main Street"; it was crude enough to let the dullest escape its indictment. The cotton-merchant, broker or plumbing-contractor in whose employ one might find Mr. Zero, is no better simply because he is successful; indeed, his very success places him in a deeper shadow of failure. The fact that some men become masters in their own eyes, merely because the Zeros of life are slaves, was left unsaid, despite the fact that in any final judgment they might be found in reciprocal categories.

The mood throughout the entire play seemed trivial and contemptuous rather than ironic. Only in the trial scene and in certain portions of the scene in Elysium, did the play attain any degree of significance. The trial scene had power because it arose from a psychologically sound characterization of a numbed soul that was the first to condemn itself for its one moment of passion and revolt. Zero's own dull logic was as deep a prison as any to which he could be condemned by a peremptory verdict of his "peers." His confession was an endless repetition—a true stroke of psychological insight. Similarly, in answer to Daisy Devore's plea, he retraced his steps to his well-worn cage of drab and safe conventionality. But this insight, this stark analysis of dumbness was lost in a play that otherwise was supercilious, thin and distractingly reminiscent.

The performance, which was marred only by what seemed to be a calculated accentuation of humorous incidents, rose at times to the point of excellence. Mr. Dudley Digges as Mr. Zero gave an intelligent and imaginative portrayal which was sustained throughout and particularly fine in the trial scene, and latter, in the scene in Elysium. Miss Margaret Wycherly, as Daisy Diana Dorothea Devore, endowed her part with feeling and a wistful sense of stifled opportunities, of youth lost in monotonous compulsions. Mr. Simonson's settings were creditable; though he certainly did not excel himself—which, after all, is perhaps only a back-handed compliment. In the court-room setting, however, he achieved an imaginative and strikingly interpretive effect.

RODERICK SEIDENBERG.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

A CLOSED FORUM.

SIRS: About once in every three weeks Mr. Heywood Broun takes occasion to deny the allegations which he says are industriously whispered, to the effect that some newspapers are controlled in their editorial and news-policies by advertising-considerations. Methinks the lady is o'er-ready to protest, and while it is, of course, impossible that anything of the vague and harmless nature of Mr. Broun's writings might be objected to by powerful interests, it may profitably be inquired: Wherefore this readiness to assert in effect that

the press is a forum for full, fair and free discussion? As an illustration that the contrary is true, may I ask that you publish this brief account of my recent experience with some leading New York newspapers?

Coincident with the arrival on these shores of Lord Robert Cecil, I addressed to the editors of the *World*, the *Globe* and the *Tribune* a short letter in which I stated the undeniable fact that this representative of British Toryism had been the leader in Parliament of the landed interests in their opposition to the futile effort of Mr. Lloyd George to impose a small tax on land-values, and suggested that a man who stood for monopoly, privilege and injustice in his own country's affairs, was hardly the man to lecture Americans on their duty to try to establish international peace and justice through the League of Nations. Did the *World*, edited by that champion of free speech, Mr. Frank I. Cobb, publish my letter? Did the *Globe*, or the *Tribune*? They did not, fellow-citizens. "All silent and all damned," as Shelley once said of some contemporary respectables. What I wrote was true. It had an important relation to the question of the honesty and sincerity of the latest foreign propagandist to visit this country. But it was suppressed. I am, etc.,

New York City.

WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

A LOVER OF WORDS.

SIRS: Apropos of your remarks about George Gissing's fondness for rare and obsolete words (in "A Reviewer's Notebook" for 21 March), here is an addition to your list, culled in a recent reading of Gissing. I think the universal interest in words for their own sake may warrant printing this remarkable collection.

maudling	consentient	nicitating
improval	cursive	oestrum
collocutor	calenture	cockered
irreptentive	ochreous	mundungus
limitary	proletary	hippocrative
nomenclator	vanishment	coughily
horrisinous	estrade	civism
solatum	vaculum	watchet
I am, etc.		

Northampton, Massachusetts.

STANLEY ALDEN.

LEARNING FROM THE CHINESE.

SIRS: I am intensely interested in what Mr. Bertrand Russell was quoted as saying in a cablegram in the New York *World* of 9 March, and in a Sunday editorial thereon in the *World* of 11 March, in regard to the question whether the Western labourer should learn to be lazy and to enjoy life more, as does the Chinese peasant.

As to the farm-life in China, I, as a Chinese, know something about the real nature of the working-conditions of Chinese peasants. China is still a great agricultural country; and its farm-population is made up of the most industrious and hard-working people in the world. They plough and sow their fields five or six times a year, and reap a corresponding number of harvests. Even in the winter, the vegetation in the fields, of various sorts which are more adaptable to the cold weather, is the best vindication of their strenuous labour, a labour of which they are proud. They arise with the lark and go to field, plodding home with their ploughs on their shoulders when the moon is rising. Even admitting the ethnological theory in the *World's* editorial, I wish to emphasize the fact that China is not in the tropic zone. The industrious labour of Chinese peasants is, to my mind, much heavier, at least quantitatively, than the assigned work of the factory-workers in the West.

But there is a great difference in the nature of their work. The Chinese peasants, though earning far less from the fruits of their labour with reference to its bare economic value, *do labour for themselves*, and thus *enjoy their work*. When they are tired, they may rest if they are so inclined. They may sit on the grass beside the field, sing their folk-songs and call forth distant responses from their neighbours, neighbours with whom they have a natural sympathy. With intense interest and deep silence they watch their horses resting under willow trees, their cattle wading in shallow fords, and listen to the birds twittering among reeds and

bushes. They have that comfortable feeling that they are part of nature, without which life is but torture and sterility.

No genuine Oriental coming for the first time to the West, especially to America, can help being puzzled by the general condition of hurry, or can help asking himself: "Where are these people going?" No disinterested and humanitarian person entering a typical American factory could fail to be impressed by the general delirium: a welter of human voices and the clatter and whirl of machines. As one observes the straining activity, as well as the ever-increasing restlessness with which the many human creatures try their best to adjust themselves as cogs and wheels, the Sisyphean labour of most of the workers who have been turning a crank or pulling a lever monotonously for years, even for life, the question must occur, What are they working for? You may say that it is your efficiency that makes progress. But what is progress for, if the life of the creative elements in your society is so helplessly doomed? You have built up your industrial Leviathan, and you are to be devoured by it. You are proud of your industrial civilization, but you miss the very essence of life, without which life is meaningless.

It is this great loss that Mr. Russell, if I understand him at all, lamented. That Mr. Russell by profession is a philosopher and by temperament an artist, all those will agree who have read one of his most celebrated essays, "A Free Man's Worship." I do not write these paragraphs to defend the Chinese peasant, who has no need of defence, but to prevent anyone from misinterpreting Mr. Russell. His interpretation of this Eastern life will haunt the soul and arrest the imagination of the Western working class, when they begin to reflect. This is the message that, to my mind, Mr. Russell, with all his fearlessness and humanitarian spirit, has brought over to Western industrialized populations from the Chinese peasant. I am, etc.,

New York City.

KIA-LUEN LO.

BOOKS.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

MR. BELLOC's latest collection of essays lies before me.¹ I am supposed to review it, but I intend to do nothing of the sort. Instead I shall write about Mr. Belloc and his other books.

Those books can hardly be said to be popular in England, though their author possesses an immense (if begrudged) English reputation. In America they are neglected. In neither country is Mr. Belloc generally recognized for what he is—one of the four or five formative minds of our time. The reason for this lack of intelligent recognition is that most Englishmen and nearly all Americans find his point of view utterly alien, even incomprehensible. It is not so much that they disagree with it—for when they can understand they can also accept it—but they fail to understand it. And it so happens that the whole of Mr. Belloc's varied mass of work is related to one central and unfamiliar idea.

This lack of understanding on the part of Mr. Belloc's readers is not due to any cloudiness in the writer: on the contrary, he is perfectly lucid, and his prime doctrine can be stated in a plain and exact formula: the faith is Europe and Europe is the Faith. But to a generation brought up on Gibbon and Freeman the formula is strange.

It is from this fixed point that everything that Hilaire Belloc has written radiates. Since this is the precise point that so many readers miss, books like "The House of Commons and Monarchy" seem cold reactionism, or books like "The Jews" vulgar anti-Semitism. Yet they are all—from the iron definitions of "The Servile State" to the relentless irony of "The

¹ "On." Hilaire Belloc. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

Mercy of Allah" or "Emmanuel Burden," from the admirable biographies of the French Revolution (Belloc's special subject) to his last book of essays—they are all related to a vision of the life of Europe that Mr. Belloc sees more steadily, clearly and vividly than any other writer of our time.

"Europe and the Faith" is not Belloc's best book—he has written several that are better—but it is his most important book, for in that sketch of European history he does explicitly what elsewhere he merely implies, to the natural bewilderment of those not already familiar with his thesis. "Europe and the Faith" is without the colour and dramatic movement always present in his lives of Danton and Marie Antoinette; it does little more than outline an argument—indeed in its space it could do no more. But it puts forward a complete theory and explanation of history which if sound (as I confess, I believe it to be) makes nonsense of nine-tenths of the assumptions and assertions of the academies. The Faith is Europe and Europe is the Faith.

Mr. Belloc has often declared that only a Catholic can grasp the clue to history. But most Catholic historians content themselves with the laborious employment of destroying the legends of bigotry, and altogether lack Belloc's comprehensive outlook. So also his French blood and experience and his close study of military science have been advantages; they have enabled him to escape the vague philosophies and the Teutonic sophistries still current in the universities, and the unrealities of politics, increasingly dominated by finance. In a world of confusion Belloc stands firmly rooted in dogma.

Those who fall foul of his inexhaustible appetite for definition and debate complain bitterly of being bullied. Such a complaint reveals a confusion of thought: no historian can bully the public; all that his enemies need to do is to explode his contentions. No bluster can save a fallacy; the man who deals in facts is peculiarly vulnerable. Belloc's enemies, however, have signally failed to discredit him; so they continue to protest against being bullied and to get what comfort they can out of Mr. Guedalla's gibe, "*Belloc, horridus Belloc.*"

It must nevertheless be admitted that Belloc cares nothing about placating a foe or persuading an audience. He seeks to convince. (*Horridus Belloc!*) He forgets that few men can ever be convinced by reason alone, which is the sole weapon that he condescends to use. I might except laughter, were not his laughter often an irritant—just as the too obvious pains he takes to elucidate an argument sometimes wears the appearance of an insult. The most powerful asset against the modern world that a Catholic writer possesses—mysticism—Mr. Belloc declines. He will conquer by means of reason or not at all. This rigidity is his greatest weakness; he suffers acutely from the defects of his virtues.

But though we must be pardoned for wishing, not less logic but more tact, we have to take our Belloc as we find him. In him St. Thomas Aquinas and Rabelais meet and kiss one another. I might add a third name, that of Ronsard. For to the union of the clarity of the scholastic method and an uproarious fantasticality in such a book as "The Four Men," is added the strain of a lyric poetry that is French rather than English. I introduce the name of Ronsard clumsily but for convenience: it is a way of saying that Belloc's feeling is for the Renaissance and not (as is so commonly supposed) for the Middle Ages. Yet the note of his own poetry may be found in lines

often repeated in the "Song of Roland," the poem, I imagine, which, out of all the poems of the world, Belloc would choose to be his:

But all the stars burn and the moon shines clear.¹

That is not the mysterious moon of English poetry, but the lucent lamp of the Latin. The same unmistakable touch is in Belloc, in such lovely verses as

The corn at harvest and a single tree

and

Dawn shall over Lethe break.

In both of these lines (and in many others I might have quoted) there is the hint of the soldier on bivouac, a military decision and economy. No other English poet could possibly have written them.

I have said that logic is Belloc's main instrument of attack. Yet there is about him nothing of the primness and aridity of the logician. He will, it is true, resist his own majestic style and forgo irony for the length of a whole book when he is about to pack it with strict definitions. But he is never more himself than when he surrenders to extravagance, to absurdity, to fantasy. He is a man who is not ashamed of himself. His books are exactly like his talk; he writes with a loud voice and with emphatic gestures. A stranger (a man later one of his closest friends) went up to him in an inn at Arundel where he sat drinking, and said, "You must be Hilaire Belloc; you are talking just like 'The Path to Rome.'"

Belloc, however, keeps this boisterous quality under control, and his economics and history are gravely composed—though I do not forget that for one incredible week he and George Bernard Shaw fought each other with odes on the law of economic rent. Prejudice alone he finds difficult to keep out of a page of syllogisms. Whatever he may be writing about, he is unable to resist the chance to take a fling at an international financier or a politician. He will preach his gospel out of season as well as in season. Just as great Cobbett paused in the middle of a recipe for the making of rush-lights to denounce a pamphlet against himself, so Belloc, by glutting his anger inopportunely, sometimes makes its righteousness look like a prejudice. The myth of his anti-Semitic obsession is largely based upon the fact that he has frequently dragged financiers, who sometimes happened to be Jews, into the discussion at the wrong moment.

So, too, his Catholic sense of humour becomes aroused in strange situations. I remember a public debate he once had with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald where the rows of earnest Fabian faces provoked him to go out of his way to refer repeatedly, for no purpose other than his own amusement, to "God—if you will permit me the term" and to "our Lord—I had almost said 'our Blessed Lord.' " It was highly entertaining to those of his audience who happened to be supporters of his case; but I doubt whether the earnest Fabians considered it particularly funny. Even his rhymes for children abound in allusions to politicians. "The Duke," he says in his priceless tale of Lord Lundy who was too freely moved to tears and so ruined his political career:

The Duke, his aged grandsire, bore
The shame till he could bear no more;
Then rallied his declining powers;
Summoned the youth to Brackley Towers,
And bitterly addressed him thus:
'Sir, you have disappointed us!
We had intended you to be
The next Prime Minister but three—

¹ Mr. Scott Moncrieff's excellent translation.

The stocks were sold, the press was squared,
The middle class was quite prepared,
But as it is my language fails—
Go out and govern New South Wales!

The aged patriot groaned and died—
And, gracious, how Lord Lundy cried!

There is one point, however, on which those who dislike Hilaire Belloc's personality and his politics and his economics and his religion (and these things are one and indivisible) may agree with Hilaire Belloc's admirers. That is on the point of his literary style. A man who writes much and in a hurry is certain to write many dull or ragged pages. There are surprisingly few of such pages in Mr. Belloc's work; and at his best he displays a sombre magnificence of diction, a sense of the august and of the ironic that no other historian has surpassed. Neither has any historian surpassed him in the immensely difficult task of making history alive, in majestic sweep or in panoramic vision. By way of an example of these qualities I select a paragraph from the "Life of Danton":

With the false step that produced civil war, that made of the ardent and liberal West a sudden opponent, that in its final effect raised Lyons and alienated half the southern towns, that lost Toulon, that put the extreme of fanaticism in the wisest and most loyal minds—such a generous and easy war was doomed, and the Revolution was destined to a more tragic and a nobler history. God, who permitted this proud folly to proceed from a pedantic aristocracy, foresaw things necessary to mankind. In the despair of the philosophers there will arise on either side of a great battle the enthusiasms which, from whenever they blow, are the fresh winds of the soul. Here are coming the heroes and the epic songs for which humanity was sick, and the scenes of one generation of men shall give us in Europe our creed for centuries. You shall hear the 'Chant du Départ' like a great hymn in the army of the Sambre et Meuse, and the cheers of the young men going down on the *Vengeur*; the voice of a young man calling the grenadiers at Lodi and Arcola; the noise of the guard swinging up the frozen hill at Austerlitz. Already the forests below the Pyrenees are full of the Spanish guerrillas, and after how many hundred years the love of the tribe has reappeared again above the conventions that covered it. There are the three colours standing against the trees in the North and the South; and the delicate womanly face of Nelson is looking over the bulwarks of the 'Victory,' with the slow white clouds and the light wind of an October day above him, and before him the enemy's sails in the sun-light and the black rocks of the coast.

From "On," which I have warned my readers I would not review, I will, nevertheless, give one extract. These words, too, bear Belloc's unmistakable signature:

There is . . . no temporal symbol of our real, our ultimate, security except Poetry. The intellect may convince us (if it is strong enough) of our immortality. Faith will always accept the sensible doctrine of our not time-bound fate, and of the concurrent doctrine of the Resurrection. But you do not find any stuff around you to confirm you—except Poetry. Religion assures: but nothing man-made supports the vision of heaven, save the completed line. That endures. That is outside time.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

"THE WATSONS."

JUST as a wise and sharp-sighted old lady might absorb from behind thin china teacups the developing intrigues that have for their setting the decorous drawing-rooms of correct English society, recording with the merest flicker of an eyebrow her penetrating conclusions, so there is in the style of Jane Austen a certain sophisticated and caustic detachment, a running venule of irony, indulgent yet narrow-lidded, which one usually associates only with the wisdom and serene malice of age. Although

Macaulay's estimate of her genius as second only to that of Shakespeare in the delineation of character may by some be considered exaggerated, it is nevertheless interesting to observe how these novels of etiquette successfully withstand the attrition of present-day criticism.

The latest novel to be published under Jane Austen's name, "The Watsons,"¹ was planned and partially written in 1804 during her residence in Bath, and before the publication of either "Pride and Prejudice" or "Sense and Sensibility." It was discovered in her notebooks in fragmentary form but with an outline of her intentions in regard to the working out of the plot, and has been filled in and completed by Miss Oulton, a close student of her work.

Here one finds the same manœuvring of contrasting characters stepping in and out among small social tensions and increasing cross-purposes, that one has come to associate with Miss Austen's genius: the proud, clear-sighted, sweet-tempered Emma, who refuses title and wealth to marry the man of her choice; Tom Musgrave, sycophant and dandy, discomfited in the end; the dull but honest Lord Osborne; Jane, the light-headed sister-in-law, who, like Mrs. Bennett in "Pride and Prejudice," aspires breathlessly towards "conspicuous waste." The cast is unmistakably assembled, the stage is set, and yet the performance never seems quite successful, for there is missing in its enactment just that subtle amplification of character, that slow, sure advance of the actors, letter-perfect in line, which have fixed so impeccably in our memories the dispositions and surroundings of her most significant characters. We rather suspect, too, that certain scenes, as for instance the one in Florence between Mr. Howard and Lady Osborne, were written entirely without Miss Austen's guiding hand, and we wonder if the words "laying her head on the quiet pillow of her grave" could ever have been traced by the nimble, mittened fingers of the unsentimental author of some of the most delicate satires in the English language.

In a preface to the book, Mr. J. E. Austen-Leigh suggests as a reason for the abandonment of the notes that the author "became aware of the evil of having placed her heroine in such a position of poverty and obscurity as, though not necessarily connected with vulgarity, has a sad tendency to degenerate into it," a sentiment, which, in its unctuous implication and petty pomposity, might have come intact from the lips of one of those especially sententious characters which it is the delight of Miss Austen's "miching mallecho" to expose. Certainly Emma Watson, with her scholarly father, and honest, gentle elder sister, is not unlike other heroines of Miss Austen's novels through whose development the author has revealed her own delicate derision of riches and her respect for sensitiveness and refinement of intellect however unpromising their surroundings.

ALYSE GREGORY.

LAW WHICH IS LAWFUL.

PROFESSOR KRABBE is a distinguished Dutch publicist. Just before the war, he embodied his views on Law and the State in a book that he called "The Modern Idea of the State."² It was translated from Dutch into German, and now Professors Sabine and Shepard present an English translation of the German version, to which they prefix an eighty-page introduction. This makes a notable and important contribution to political theory, and its outline will first be briefly noted.

A State is a community existing for the purpose of

¹ "The Watsons." Jane Austen. Compiled by L. Oulton. New York: D. Appleton and Company. \$1.75.

² "The Modern Idea of the State." H. Krabbe. Authorized translation with an introduction by George H. Sabine and Walter J. Shepard. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$4.00.

effectuating law. Law is the dictate of the sense of right (*Rechtsbewusstsein*). Law is not the command of a sovereign. Indeed, except as a name for part of the administrative machinery, there is really no such thing as a sovereign. The coercive element in law is an exceptional regulation of those whose sense of right is defective; it is a surgical or medical dealing with a pathological social manifestation. As far as statutes are an expression of the sense of right, they are law. If they contravene it, statutes have no authority—are not law in any sense. In every case, positive law must be supplemented by the unwritten law, a less formal but equally authentic expression of the sense of right. The content of the sense of right varies from age to age and place to place, but its existence is no less certain for that. Since it alone can justify our obedience, it is as operative between nations as between the citizens of one nation. International law is, therefore, law as fully as any other, and the international community as real a one as England or France or the United States.

Such a theory as this will startle those of us who have identified law with the policeman and justice with jails. It is a very natural error to do just that, so engrossing is the pathology of society. And sometimes, social disease seems endemic. Doubtless Professor Krabbe will admit that in his international community, a defective sense of right is fairly common. But common or uncommon, it is none the less an abnormality. There is only one norm, and that is given immediately to us by our sense of right.

We must remember that Professor Krabbe defends his theory not as the best or clearest or most reasonable, but as the one actually accepted in all civilized States by citizen as by politician. He treats with unconcealed contempt the "older" theories derived from deification of the sovereign or exaltation of the human will. They create two independent sources of authority, which produces dualism, and dualism is intolerable. His theory, which knows only one law, one norm, one authority, is also ultra-modern and supersedes all others.

Yet the concept of a sovereign law, superior to any convention of mankind and overruling the command of any human will, whether of prince or people, has a familiar ring. How familiar it is, we may not realize until we learn from Professor Krabbe what the real source of the sense of right is. It comes from the Absolute. That makes things clear. We have only to go back twenty brief centuries and read in Cicero's *Laws* (ii, 4), *lex vera atque princeps—ratio est recta summi Iovis*. The *recta ratio* and the sense of right are more than kin. They seem avatars of the same god, and they apparently get their binding force in both cases from that divine origin.

This recrudescence of *summus Iuppiter* in the guise of His Immanence the Absolute, is a bit discouraging. It is quite true that Cicero, as well as Aristotle, Plato, Chrysippus, and all the others from whom that eager and industrious eclectic borrowed his ideas, thought of law as something fixed and eternal, while Krabbe thinks its content is changing. It approves of slavery in one generation and abominates it in another. But I fancy, if we are to choose between them, the advantage is rather on the side of Cicero. The *Rechtsbewusstsein* selects an action as lawful and right, by no other standard than the fact of its own existence and obligatory character. That sounds difficult and elusive, however lofty or profound. Cicero's concept was more definite. His Jupiter was doubtless ethically perverse and philosophically obtuse, but he spoke intelligible Latin, while the Absolute, as is well-known, has never acquired any human speech except the Pentecostal jargon understood only by sound Hegelians.

Both Cicero and Professor Krabbe carry out their concept logically. A duly enacted statute that contradicts the

recta ratio, the *Rechtsbewusstsein*, is not a bad law. It is no law at all. Shall it therefore be disobeyed? Hardly. Lictors, sheriffs, jail and exile constitute a formidable means of compelling obedience. But then we have at once a wicked and distressing dualism, created by the contemporary presence of rules that are obeyed because they are consonant with our sense of right and those obeyed because it is dangerous not to obey them.

To Professor Krabbe, obedience enforced by the brute power of the State is a fact, just as is the compulsion of the highwayman's pistol. But it is not law. Law is obeyed because we know we ought to obey, and if we do not at once know it, something is wrong with us or with the rule of action presented for our obedience. One wonders what Professor Krabbe would say to the Volstead Act. It certainly is not in accordance with the *Rechtsbewusstsein* of a great many persons. Is it law? The trouble with the Volstead Act, Professor Krabbe would perhaps say, is that it is a decree of a centralized organ that did not take into sufficient account the many diversified interests it affected. If, as he constantly urges, legislation were sufficiently decentralized, the Volstead Act would be law in those communities in which it was in accordance with the sense of right, and not law in the others. That would still leave us with fractions of the smallest decentralized unit whose sense of right would be contradicted by the Act, which none the less was law. Shall we treat them as pathological, like those men whose feeble social instincts will not keep them from rape and murder? We can and we do; but, under Professor Krabbe's theory, how could we justify our action?

When the law is right, do we obey it for fear of threatened penalties, or because of our *Rechtsbewusstsein*? Most of us would not steal a penny from a blind beggar, though that is proverbially easy to do; and the reasons for our restraint are complex enough. It may well be that fear of the policeman plays the smallest part in that complex, and that it varies from person to person. But if our restraint involves the suppression of an actual impulse, it is likely that, however slightly, fear of the policeman is an element in the suppression. Though only one element among many, it would probably have been adequate to produce the suppression if it had been the only one. One may, therefore, treat that group of restraints as though they were all actuated by such a fear.

We may freely admit that a community in which any considerable number were held in check only by fear of the policeman would soon cease to exist. Indeed, it would never have come into existence, since communities were created when the desire to conform to certain patterns of conduct became instinctive. An almost undifferentiated herd-instinct will assume the burden of most conformities, and we recognize a duty to conform when we consciously examine these conformities and find them valuable. That fact, together with the imaginative sympathy that constitutes the sense of kind is our *Rechtsbewusstsein*.

However, one ought to do justice to the particular occasion of Professor Krabbe's book. In Europe and America both, Leviathan still disports himself, and out of his mouth go burning lamps and out of his nostrils goeth smoke. It is still earnestly argued that the power of regulating the lives of a great many can become the hereditary privilege of a few, and that a particular form of political machinery can acquire a vested right to remain immobile. To attack this is a laudable undertaking, and if Professor Krabbe will allow his *Rechtsbewusstsein* the function of the Roman *æquum et bonum*, we shall have as little quarrel with his results as with his motives. For the *æquum et bonum* was the test of positive law when its right to continue was challenged; it was the source from

which the gaps in the law were filled; it was the touchstone when, of several equally legal proceedings, one had to be selected. I should be the last to question its existence. But to say that the *Rechtsbewusstsein* is part of the spiritual nature of man and that its source is the Absolute, carries in its train theophanies and decalogues, even if they are disguised in abstract terms.

Professor Krabbe says of the *Rechtsbewusstsein* that it is "a valuation that we make as the result of our mental capacities." I suppose "mental capacities" were "*geistige Fähigkeiten*" in the original, and "*Geist*" is a fine old historical lumber-room of concepts and emotions. Professor Krabbe, as has been said, despises history. How that contempt avenges itself!

MAX RADIN.

SHORTER NOTICES.

MR. PARKER'S "Eighth Notes"¹ is a rare and welcome addition to the small library of significant criticism that is being produced in the United States. For years the presence of Mr. Parker ("H. T. P.") has made the musical and dramatic pages of the Boston *Evening Transcript* sought after by a circle whose circumference reaches far beyond the limits of Boston itself. Few men writing in this country to-day of the stage and the concert-hall possess his sensitivity to colour, movement, sound and line; fewer still possess the pen that can communicate the nuances of that sensitivity with a sufficiently pliant language. The reader appeal to the casual reader, Mr. Parker scorns. His columns never contain the merely clever epigram, the spasm of self-satisfied cynicism which pleases the superficial. On the other hand, he is not "deep" with the profundity of the pedantic. He flaunts no sempiternal rules; he is hospitable to whatever strikes him as valid art, and he possesses the least ostentatious of manners. All this one might have known from a perusal of his newspaper-work; in book form, shorn of the paragraphs that accompany journalistic reviewing, it stands forth clearer than ever. There is a nicety of discernment in his pithy distinctions between the various virtues and shortcomings of the conductors, pianists, singers, violinists and dancers that visit these shores or inhabit them. This is not mere reviewing, for all the modesty of Mr. Parker's casual references to his profession; it is criticism, whether it first graces the columns of a newspaper or the pages of a book. "Eighth Notes" should be followed by a volume that contains the cream of the author's dramatic criticisms.

I. G.

In five chapters or essays,² Mr. Robert Shafer pursues critically the doctrine of progress as it has been advanced along various lines. This doctrine, it has recently been said, is now the "animating and controlling idea of Western civilization." This is a theory distinctly flattering to mankind; and one, moreover, which is sufficient sanction for almost any course of action. It throws responsibility, as it were, upon a *deus ex machina*. Moreover, it has the doubtful advantage of being strictly modern. Foreshadowed by Bacon, it first received definite expression late in the seventeenth century; but it was only in the last century that it became a popular dogma. The chronic unhappiness of the world, and its recent great misfortunes, have caused some thinkers to wonder whether there is not a discrepancy between the reality and this comfortable belief. Years ago, indeed, Mr. Bernard Shaw is said to have lost his faith in it upon becoming acquainted with the great Greeks. In the domain of art, Kenyon Cox dealt the doctrine a doughty blow; Brunetière also, as critic of letters and of ideas, assisted in undermining it; and Whistler once said that art begins with the infinite and can therefore never progress. With the decline of the popular belief in a deity which has accompanied the spread of science during the last half-century, the unthinking have fallen by sheer inertia into a jejune humanitarianism and the worship of a vague future. To this last refuge or vestige of faith they must cling or, figuratively, perish—or so, at least, they

seem to believe; and this probably accounts for the frequent and rather frantic efforts to bolster up the doctrine in the face of what Mr. Shafer regards as facts. He shows pretty conclusively that the doctrine is stale, decrepit, moribund. There still remains, indeed, the possibility of progress—progress "for the individual, but it has no real existence outside of him, and lies in his increase of self-knowledge, of self-mastery, of character."

J. E. J.

It would be the crudest of critical devices to seek to give a false unity to a volume like "Eight More Harvard Poets"³ in which the expression of eight varied temperaments is recorded; yet as one reads this particular volume one can scarcely fail to be struck by the extent to which the strain of melancholy, with all its mutations, is dominant. A sad autumnal sky lowers over most of these pages; the trees under which these poets pipe are all deciduous trees. Mr. Cameron Rogers, though he echoes Swinburne (with distinction), and though his "Threnody" is his sharpest utterance, does strike a note of light-heartedness, and in Mr. Jack Merten's concise little poems there is a rare quality of childlikeness that is more than a merely studied one. In all the other poems, the most authentic mood seems to be the mood of depression. In Mr. Norman Cabot, despite a genuine vigour of phrasing, it becomes almost dyspeptic; in Mr. Royall Snow, it is underlain by so oppressive a sense of time that his poems might have been written by a centenarian. "Desolate," "morbid," "ashen-grey," "folly," are key-words in Mr. Grant Code's poems, and his two fine sonnets, "The Sons of Heaven" and "Christmas," with their Pre-Raphaelite pictorialism, are splendidly sombre. There is a sense that the wine of life is drawn to the mere lees in Mr. J. B. Wheelwright's "Boston in Summer" and "New York in Summer": in his "Closing Gesture" he makes even God blasé and his choristers "weary of his court." Only in Mr. J. T. Rogers and Mr. Malcolm Cowley does this melancholy slip over into pity and poignancy; Mr. Rogers's "The Beggar" makes something grandiose and almost Biblical out of a subject that could have been merely sordid or grotesque. Mr. Cowley, who, with Mr. Cameron Rogers, achieves the most mature expression in the book, goes beyond Mr. Rogers in the individuality of his idiom, and perhaps beyond all the others in the depth and richness of his human implications: "Day Coach" is a singularly complete expression of the sense one gets in railway-travelling of the fugacity and pathos of mortality. Throughout the volume, the technical adroitness and originality of these college poets is extraordinary; it is only the monotonous insistence of the one note that seems a defect. Hopelessness, agony, despair—these are too eternal things to lose their validity for the poet; but plucking on that sole string is not the only way in which Apollo makes manifest his music and his might.

N. A.

EX LIBRIS.

In going through Mr. Santayana's "Life of Reason" lately, I have found the shadow of William James falling continually over the page; not because of the fact that they sat side by side at Harvard in the halcyon days of American philosophy, but because the thought of Santayana becomes more complete and luminous by contrast with the philosophy and personality of the founder of pragmatism. The usual comparisons between William James and Josiah Royce are not very illuminating, for if Royce's idealism and James's empiricism were poles apart, they were at least poles of the same planet—that Protestant world which represented religion as a personal foible, history as a tissue of errors, and the moral life as a perpetual struggle against the Bad on the part of a Good which had no other reason for existence than to exercise its adversary. William James cordially recognized his affinity with Royce and utilized Royce's abrasive dialectic as a grindstone on which to sharpen his own: in relation to Mr. Santayana's philosophy, on the other hand, he openly felt as a Gothic war-chief must have felt towards the

¹ "Eighth Notes. Voices and Figures of Music and the Dance." H. T. Parker. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$2.00.

² "Progress and Science. Essays in Criticism." Robert Shafer. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$2.50.

³ "Eight More Harvard Poets." Edited by S. Foster Damon and Robert Hillyer. New York: Brentanos. \$1.50.

white temples, arcaded streets and luxurious baths of a Roman city. It was, he said, "the very perfection of rottenness."

WILLIAM JAMES brought over from physiology a knowledge of the physical world which science defines, combined with contempt and distrust for those ideal worlds which myth, religion, and philosophy have summoned forth out of the void of existence. He was by nature and training a forager in the realms of the mind; it was of the essence of his Protestantism that he lived from day to day on the scraps of experience, and renounced the whole historic tissue of civilization which might have provided him with ample nourishment. The nature of William James's thoughts and prepossessions gave his personality all the charm of a free, open-air existence; and his essays on such closet subjects as the Absolute have the vigour, the forthrightness, the clean earthy smell of a talk round a camp-fire under the stars. As a guide, philosopher and friend, however, one can accept William James only for an occasional excursion into those tangled places of the mind which have not yet been subdued and settled: by his very openness to the claims of the moment and to the excitement of the trail, he permitted a good part of existence to fall automatically out of his philosophy.

JAMES took over from the barbarians who had retreated to America the pioneer's self-justifying contempt for the old cities on which he had turned his back. Like Walt Whitman and a thousand humbler men, he felt a deep need to throw off the daily gear of European civilization and, so to say, "leave history behind"; forgetful of the fact that a human being without a history is usually the victim of immediate circumstances from which a broader consciousness of his traditions and connexions would have delivered him. The result was that James's mind was perpetually beset with contemporary problems—with contemporary problems in the light of immediate interests and evaluations. He dealt with the psychology of religious conversion, but not with religion as a whole; he discussed the incubus of the Ph.D. but he did not wrestle with education as a whole; he wrote essays towards a general introduction to philosophy but never did he encompass philosophy as a whole; and so, whilst communion with James gives one a constant sense of the buoyancy, the force, the brave *naïveté* of his personality, it also makes one see that the needles of his being, as "A.E." would say, never consistently pointed north and south long enough to give him a sense of direction or enable him to plot a map. In the end, the totality of James's philosophy is an array of fragments; and one grasps the whole by implication, or not at all.

In his philosophic lectures, William James was always referring to "the world of concrete personal experiences" as the very stuff of philosophy; but apart from the pith of James's literary style, with its wealth of metaphor and detailed example, there is a curious barrenness in his thought which arose, it would seem, from an incapacity to carry his history with him. As a young man, for instance, he had had a fine knack with the pencil, and for a while he set out to be an artist; yet one searches his writings in vain for any sign that his interest in art had persisted, as one might expect it to persist in a well-rounded life, to say nothing of its contributing to a philosophy of aesthetics. Again, his letters and personal writing are full of observations upon contemporary political affairs; we know that he hated, as a handful of humane men in America did, the knavery that drew us into the war with Spain; but one can not find in his philosophic works any mature expression of thought and belief on

politics, or on the nature of man as a political animal. In a word, the effect of his experiences was not, it would seem, cumulative and continuous: they remained in his philosophy as discrete as they were in the world from which they were drawn.

THE truth is, I believe, that James never embraced either the Life of Man or the Life of Reason; his interests were as dispersed and opportunist as that of a man of business who is "in cotton" to-day, "in oil" to-morrow, and in hot water, possibly, the day after; and yet, like the man of business, he always stuck to his *Fach* and pursued philosophy with a perhaps magnified regard for the problems and solutions which agitated his contemporaries in thought. He wished to make philosophy serve life: his pragmatism was to mediate between the tough-minded and the tender-minded, so that philosophy might become all things to all men. He did not, however, make the totality of life, as it parades before us in the history of men's actions and ideas, contribute to his philosophy: the materials upon which his mind spent all its initial vigour were the bleak, impoverished dialectics of the Royceans, the Bradleyans and their kind. So his mind never reached its full development and perfection; and the happy flowers of controversy one finds in his philosophic essays seem now as pressed-and-dried as if they had been originally cut out of academic tissue-paper.

"BAH! Give me Walt Whitman and Browning ten times over, much as the perverse ugliness of the latter at times irritates me, and intensely as I have enjoyed Santayana's attack. The barbarians are in the line of mental growth, and those who do insist that the ideal and the real are dynamically continuous are those by whom the world is to be saved." These words from one of James's letters are really an *apologia pro vita sua*; and by them we may take his measure. Standing outside William James's generation, one can see quite plainly that, to follow his own metaphor, it is the classicists who are in the line of growth, and that if the barbarians are anywhere, they are accessory, like pollen blown by the wind. Beyond doubt, the barbarians both in history and in thought have had a fertilizing influence: they have produced the sports of culture from which fresh stocks have developed. It was a barbaric craftsman, flinging himself against the precedent of Roman architecture, that created the massive and exuberant Romanesque; but the very development of such powers as these implies the existence of a structure against which the barbarian's fancies and ideas may be hammered. If there had been no Roman basilica the barbarians would probably have built huts, and not Romanesque churches. It is not the barbarian's strength but his weakness that turns him away from the classic tradition: what he can not develop he can only demolish; and he thinks he leaves a fresh field behind him when in reality it is only a barren one.

WHAT, indeed, was the upshot of William James's work? Scarcely more—to take an extreme view—than a handful of polemics upon contemporary problems in philosophy, with no complete and systematic account of either "physics" or "dialectic," no *Weltanschauung*, not even a hasty sketch of the Life of Reason which others might have worked out with greater care. The barbarian—let us say it in all reverence, as of a saint—has left us only his bones: a relic rather than a religion. Meanwhile, Mr. Santayana has edified us with that "very perfection of rottenness," a "classic sanctuary," a "marble temple shining on a hill," within which some of us may find our souls, and in whose very shadow our daily business may, in a more seemly manner, be conducted.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

MR. RUSSELL, in the introduction to his article in this number, promises to show that mental power is the ultimate source of the two other kinds of power exercised within the State: military and economic.

Every agency operating in our society may be interpreted according to Mr. Russell's theory: church, business, social groups, art—all contribute directly or indirectly to the strength of one or another of these forms of power.

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